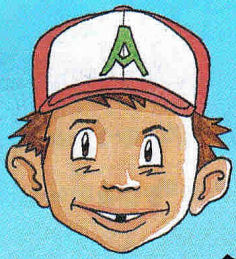
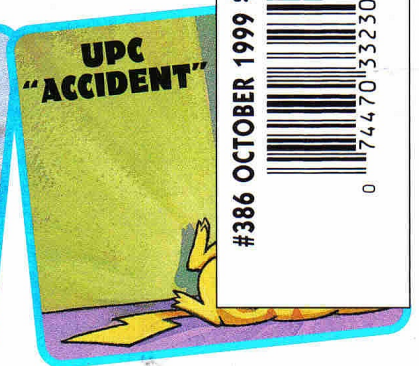
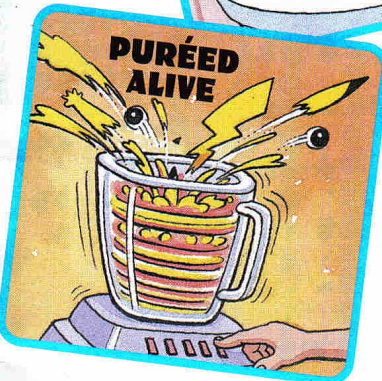
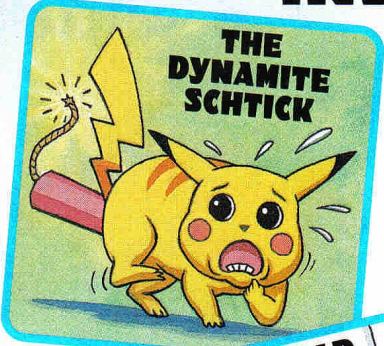


RICKY MARTIN • NASCAR • TARZAN • AUSTIN POWERS



# MAD<sup>IND</sup>®

**HOW  
SHOULD WE  
KILL  
THIS  
POKÉMON?  
VOTE  
INSIDE!**



UNITED STATES

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OCTOBER 1999



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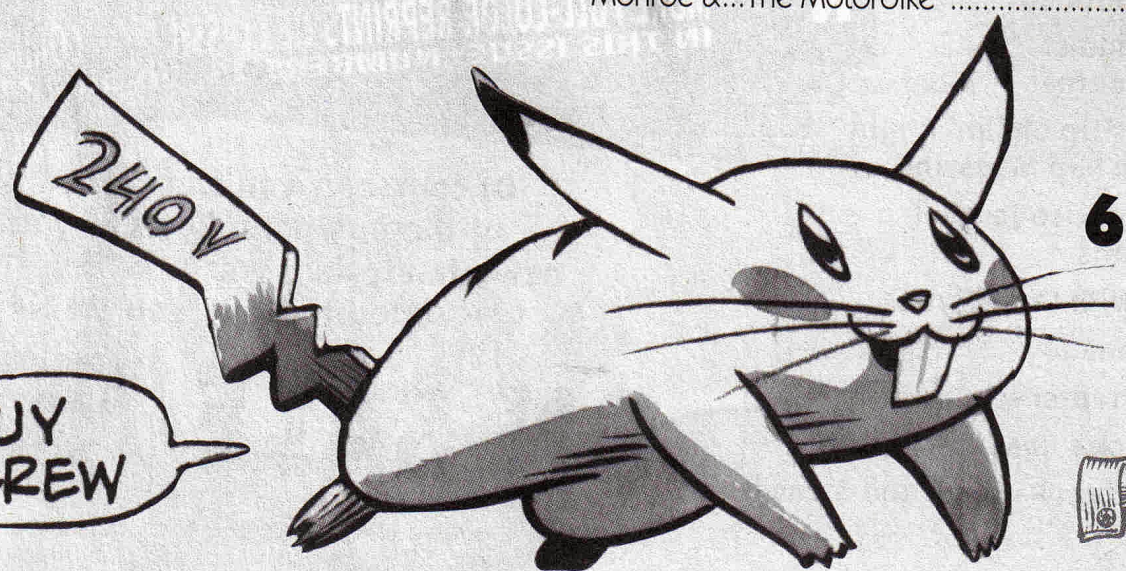
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1996: Last color taken for little "awareness" ribbons

1991: McDonald's Silence of the Lambs Happy Meal tie-in flops

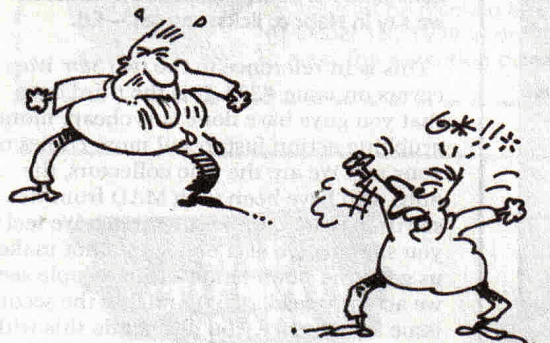
1983: First under water bowling tournament held

1979: Alvin Thomas Moore invents the ATM

1954: J. Edgar Hoover first window-shops at local lingerie store

THIS MONTH IN HISTORY

OCTOBER						
SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
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"Nepotism is when  
the corporate ladder  
is built from the lumber  
of your family tree!"







## LIVIN' LA VIDA LOCOMOTIVE

I am including a tip to my fellow commuters. Reading a MAD Magazine on the train guarantees you will have a seat to yourself. Laughing while reading MAD Magazine means not only having a seat to yourself, but also having the seats in front of you, in back of you and across from you empty as well.

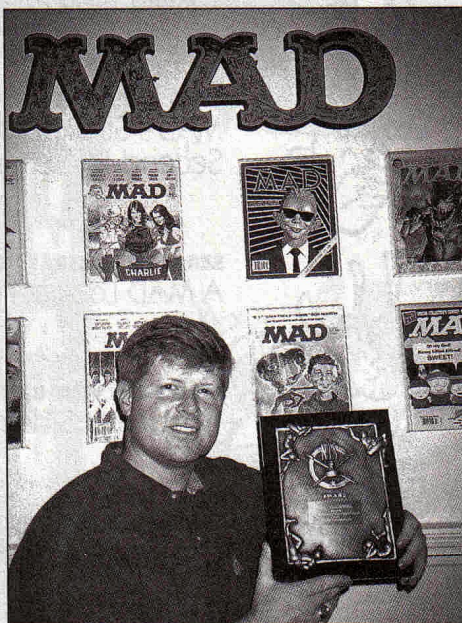
Charles Yves, Danbury, CT

**Chuck Wagon** — We have a commuting tip for you — try reading your next issue of MAD with no pants on — we can pretty much guarantee you'll have the entire car to yourself! Happy trails! —Ed.

## MAD MUMBLINGS @aol.com

Voles look rather amusing when you put a little hat on them — *Gecko4797*...One word: astroproctology — *MunkyCheze*... Whoever gives their bologna a first name is pretty screwed up! — *MoeJoe17*...Give me immortality or give me death — *Krim jti1*...I stapled my tongue to the wall! — *IvyCATS*...I want to be a pineapple when I grow up, I find them sassy — *BOBJ42*...Do artichoke hearts beat? — *HellMack2*...Leave Kenny Rogers alone — *Slayer4433*... The strudel is out there — *GoodBik*.

## FADE TO GREY



It seems like there's a MAD winner every year at the National Cartoonist Society's award dinner! This year, MAD newcomer Grey Blackwell walked off with the Newspaper Illustration plaque and thanked the "Usual Gang of Idiots" for their support and encouragement. While there was some grumbling at the dinner that the voting was fixed (promises were made, gifts were exchanged) we nonetheless offer Grey our sincerest congratulations! Fa fa fa!

**HOW TO REACH US**  
Please Address Correspondence  
To: MAD, Dept. 386, 1700  
Broadway, New York, New York  
10019. MAD welcomes reader  
submissions. Manuscripts will not  
be returned or acknowledged,  
however, unless they are accom-  
panied by a self-addressed,  
stamped envelope! MAD doesn't  
read faxed submissions!

## STAR BORES

In issue #383 you made fun of *Star Wars: The Phantom Menace*. Thank you! You guys are the best. I saw the movie and it sucked. It was just so lame. No offense to *Star Wars* fans, but you guys are pretty stupid to waste money to buy those toys. I have nothing against *Star Wars*, but the movie just sucked, yet you people will probably watch it 10 times a day.

Iris Wong, Ontario, Canada

**Iris** — We've taken the liberty of forwarding your letter to Mr. Jar Jar Binks for further comment. Mr. Binks replies: How wude! As we say in Naboo, licksa me-sa! —Ed.

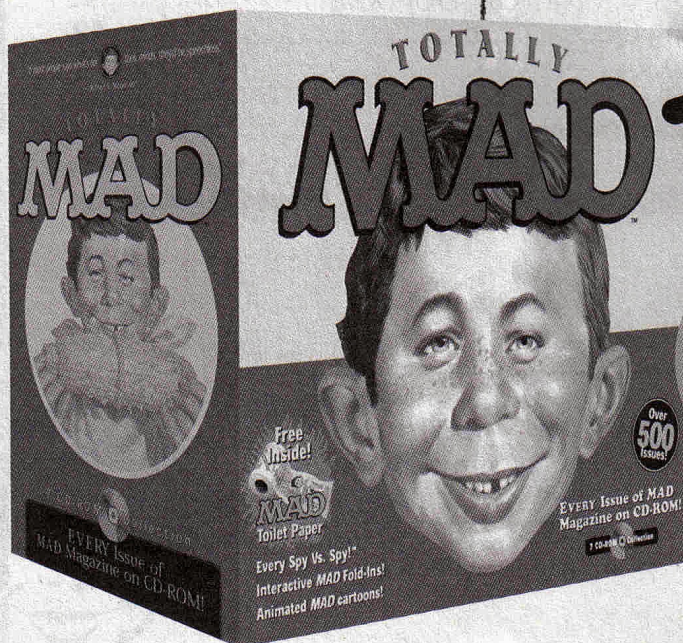
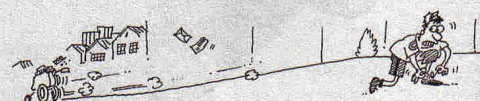
This is in reference to the two *Star Wars* covers on issue #383. It is the third time that you guys have done this cheap, money grubbing action just to sell more copies of your rag. We are the true collectors, the ones who have been with MAD from its starting, issue number one, 1952. We feel you should give us a break, and not make us go to the newsstand (letting people see we actually read MAD) and buy the second issue at full price. You did not do this with the *Batman* issue (#359), you sold them to us at a reduced price, making us believe that we were getting a deal. Then the crummy *South Park* issue (#371) hit the stands and you made us buy a second copy. Shame on you! Again, you have done it to us with *Star Wars*. I have enclosed my receipt for the second issue of the *Star Wars* issue. If you believe in us die-hard collectors, and want to be fair, send me back the \$3.19 that I had to put out extra for the same junk that I already have a subscription for. I surely would appreciate it.

Stephen Gordon, Reseda, CA

**Gordo** — When you're right, you're right. You are entitled to a full \$3.19 refund which we will gladly send you upon receipt of your cash, check or money order for \$9.50 to cover postage, handling and administrative costs! —Ed.

## TAKING AN INTERN FOR THE WORSE

Best wishes to our 1999 summer interns Kenny Byerly and Jacob Lambert. We send them off with our thanks, but wonder what happened to all those staplers, erasers and Post-it notes!





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<http://www.madmag.com>

**VOTE NOW!**

## DEAD POKÉMON WALKING

**VOTE NOW!**

As promised on our cover, here is your chance to vote how that pesky Pokémon should meet his demise!

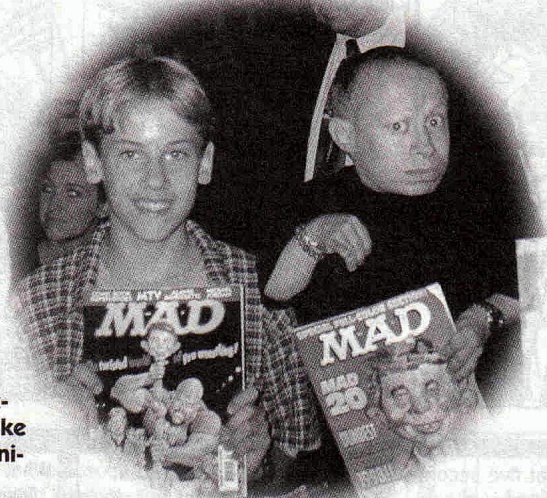


You can vote by visiting our website [www.mad-mag.com](http://www.mad-mag.com) or by sending a postcard to: Kill That Pokémon, c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019. Vote early and often and remember, don't drink and vote! All votes must be received by November 1st, 1999 in order to meet the execution date!

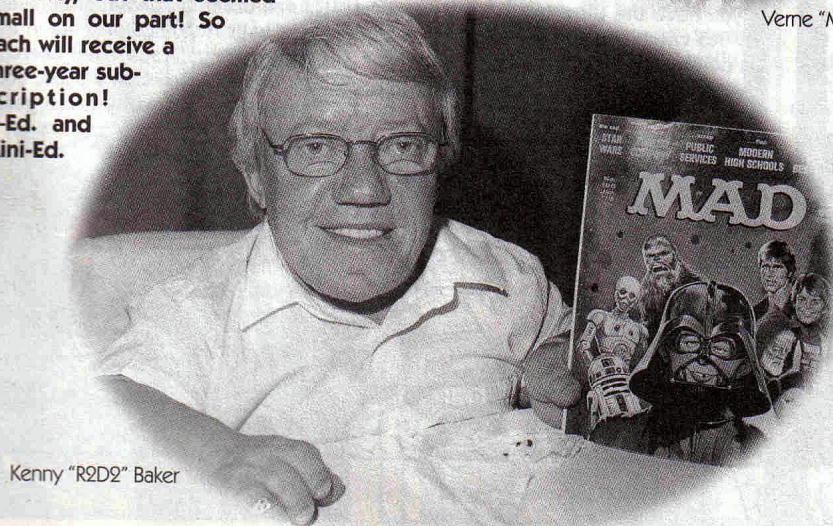
- ☐ The Dynamite Schtick
- ☐ The Old Flusheroo
- ☐ Pureed Alive
- ☐ Steamrolled To Oblivion
- ☐ The Six-Gun Salute
- ☐ UPC "Accident"

## MAD CELEBRITY SNAPS

This month we bring you two of the smallest stars from 2 of the summer's biggest movies! Congrats to Matt Tracey of Winnetka, IL and Mike Manikowski of New Baltimore, MI for making short work of a tall order in capturing photos of *Austin Powers*' Verne "Mini Me" Troyer and *Star Wars*' Kenny "R2D2" Baker, respectively. We thought about giving Matt and Mike 11 1/2-year subscriptions each, because technically, they only sent in, like, half a celebrity, but that seemed small on our part! So each will receive a three-year subscription! —Ed. and Mini-Ed.



Verne "Mini Me" Troyer



Kenny "R2D2" Baker



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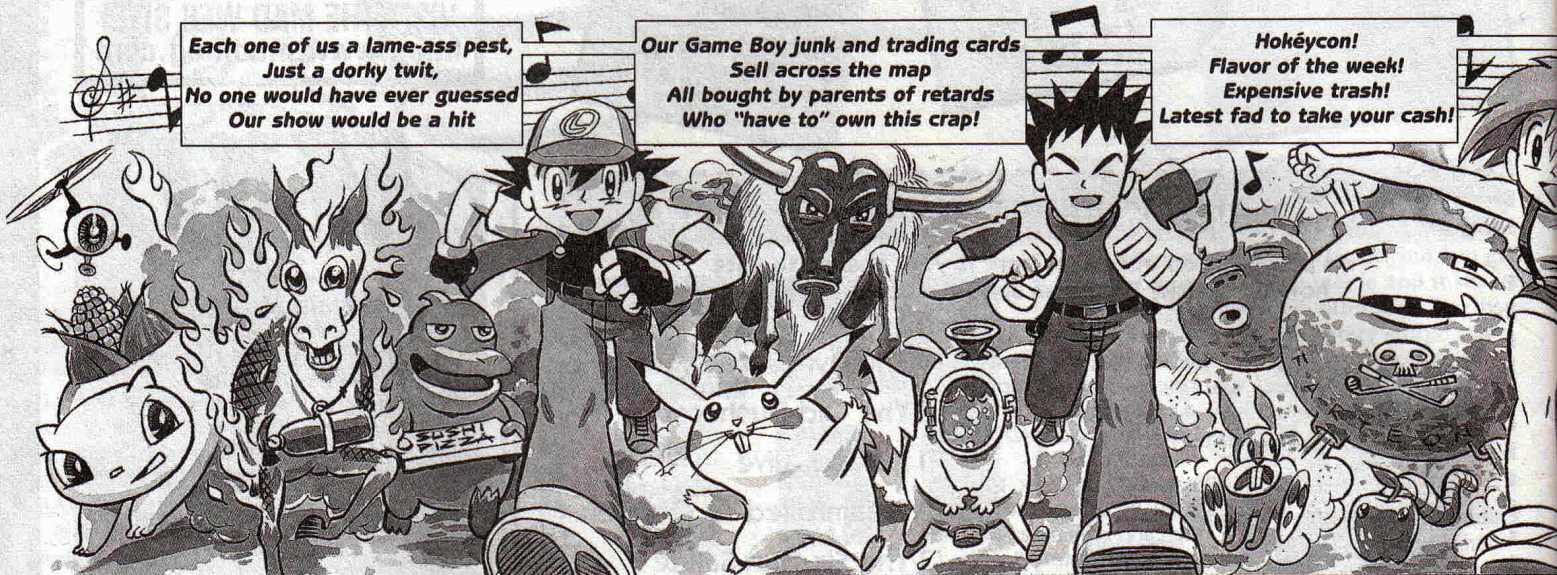
*the usual gang of idiots*

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Back in the 1950s, seeing the words "MADE IN JAPAN" on a product meant one thing — it was a cheap piece of garbage! But by the 1970s, Japan's computers, cars, stereos and other imports were the highest quality in the world. But there's one area where good ol' American know-how reigns supreme: Cartoon shows! Don't believe us? Maybe you should check out the latest crudely-drawn garbage from our friends in the Land of the Rising Sun! You'd think it was 1950 all over again! They say it's the latest fad! We say it's just a...

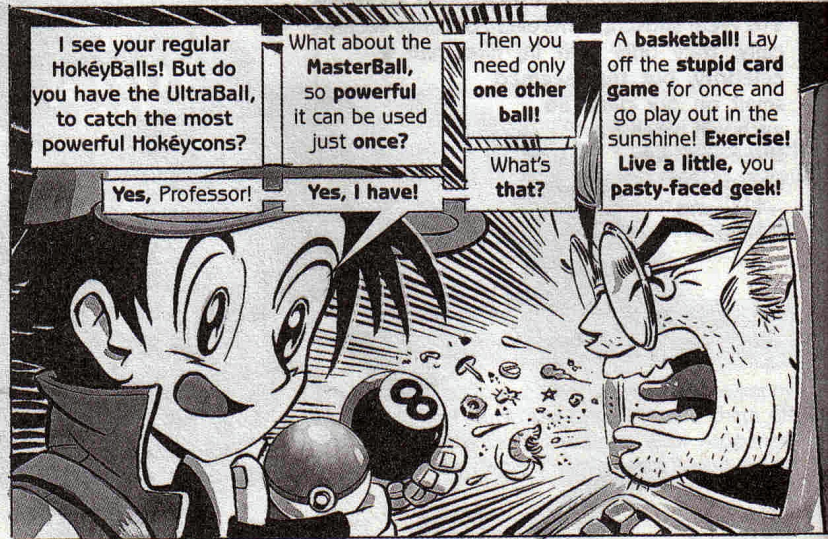
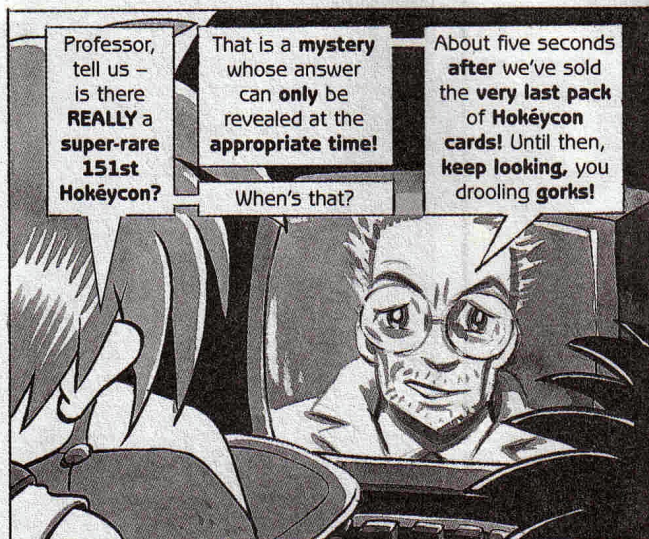
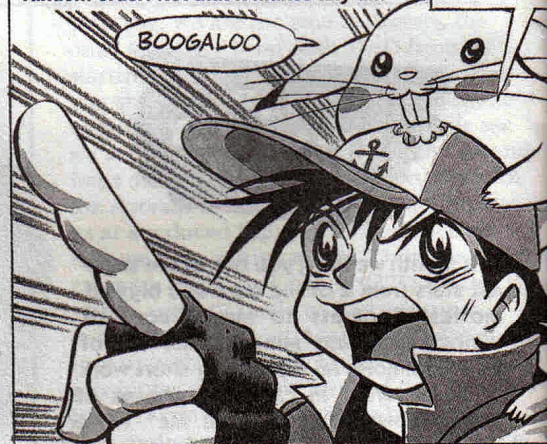
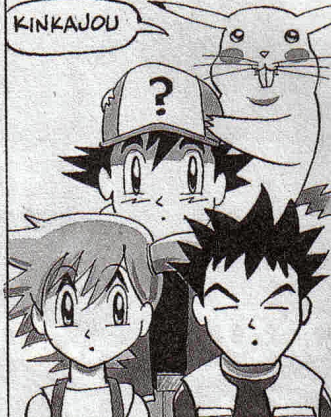
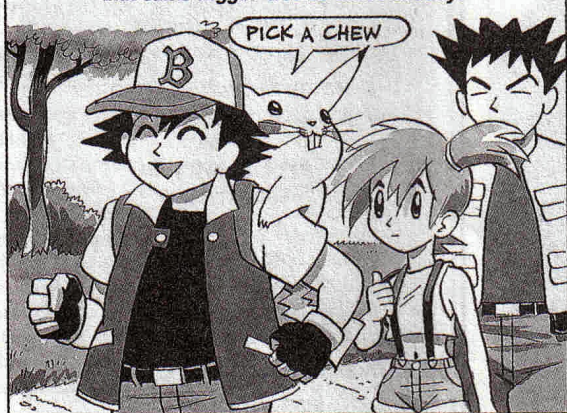


As we join Ass, Musty and Crock, the three friends are about to enter Starport Forest, on their quest to Khaki Town...um, or else they're heading AWAY from Khaki Town...er, hold it! Maybe they're traveling to Mount Greylock! Aarrgh! That's the problem with this herky-jerky animation — every scene looks exactly alike. All I know is I've seen that same friggin' tree 20 times already!

The hero of our adventure is Ass! However, the only way you can TELL he's the main character is because he's in the middle. Otherwise, the three lumps have the personality of a doorknob!

Who am I? I'm the invisible voice who reads stuff between scenes so the American producers who bought this cartoon can chop up scenes from different episodes and slap them together in random order! Not that it makes any diff—

HEY! You, with the narration! SHUT UP ALREADY!



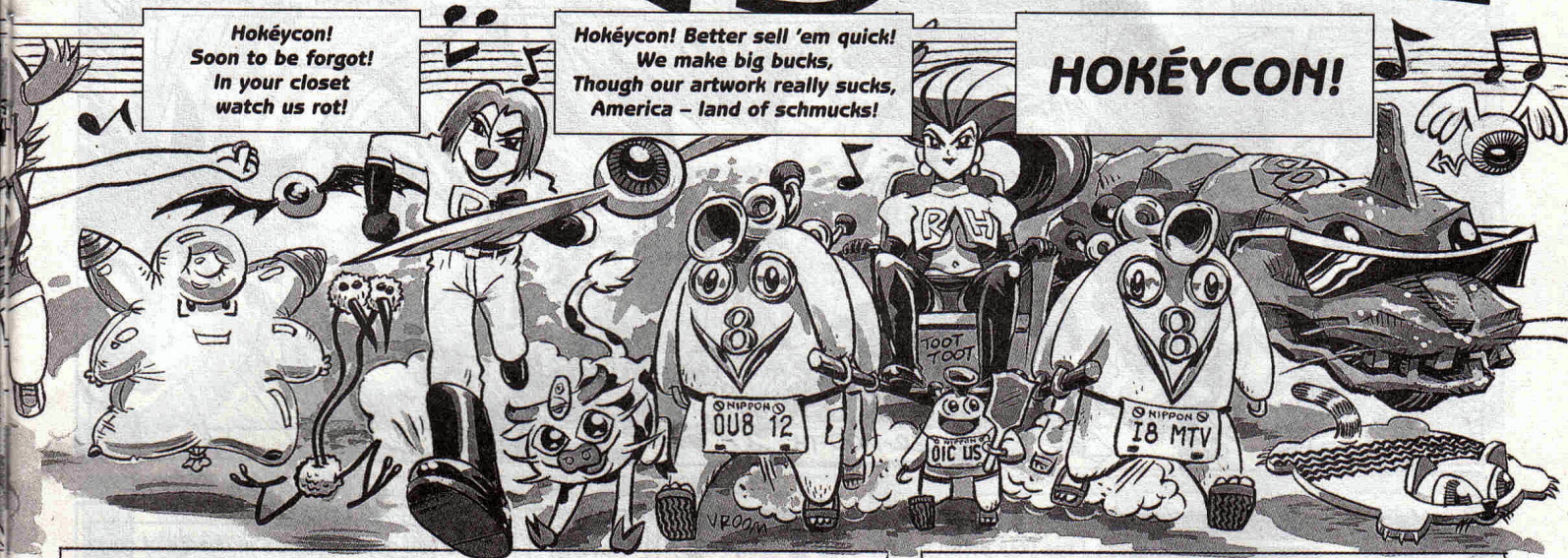


# Hokéycon

**Hokéycon!**  
Soon to be forgot!  
In your closet  
watch us rot!

**Hokéycon! Better sell 'em quick!**  
We make big bucks,  
Though our artwork really sucks,  
America - land of schmucks!

**HOKÉYCON!**



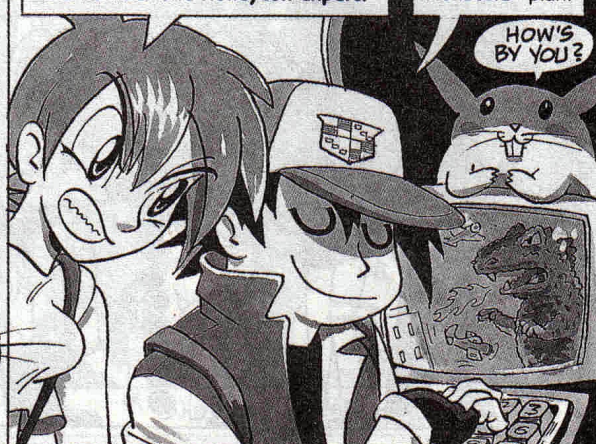
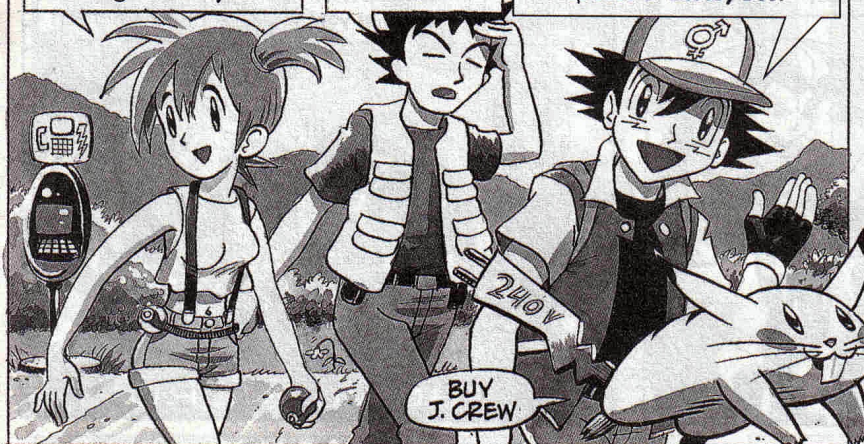
On **Monday's** show we walked around looking for **Hokéycon!** On **Tuesday's** show, we walked around looking for **Hokéycon!**

**Wednesday, Thursday?**  
Walked around looking for **Hokéycon!**

Yes, but we provide a **valuable service!** This cartoon is for viewers who **can't take the heart-stopping suspense** of a typical episode of **Scooby-Doo!**

Can't we **break up the "walking around" monotony** with one of our trademark **"stand around talking to someone"** scenes? Let's videophone the number one **Hokéycon expert!**

Fortunately, I'm signed up with MCI's **"Friends and Mutating Monsters"** plan!



I'm afraid I must go now! Good luck!

But **Professor**, we have more questions!

Sorry, but I **can't** take this anymore! You **losers** are just as **boring** to look at on **MY** video screen as you are on a TV screen! Sayonara!

The **Professor's** right! Always having our **eyes** and **mouths** stuck into one **unblinking** expression is **super-dull!**

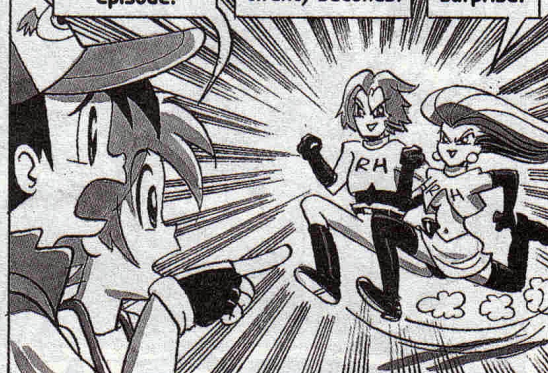
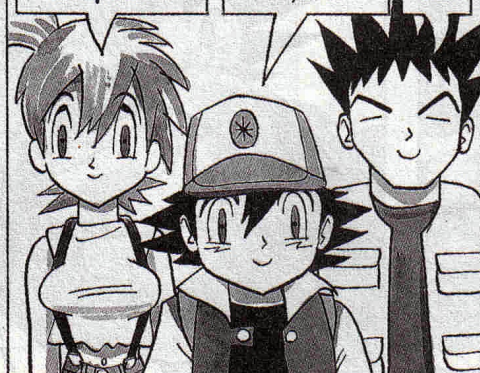
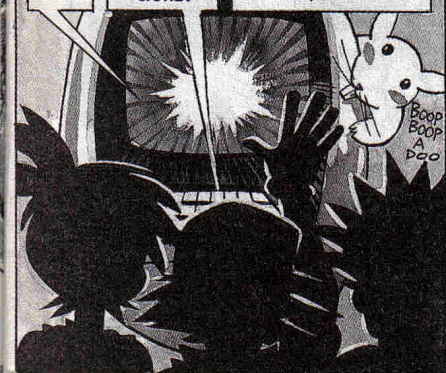
And it's **GOT** to **freak out** the **home viewers!** How can **staring** at a **totally frozen** face entertain anyone?

Why don't you go and ask **Cher's** fans?

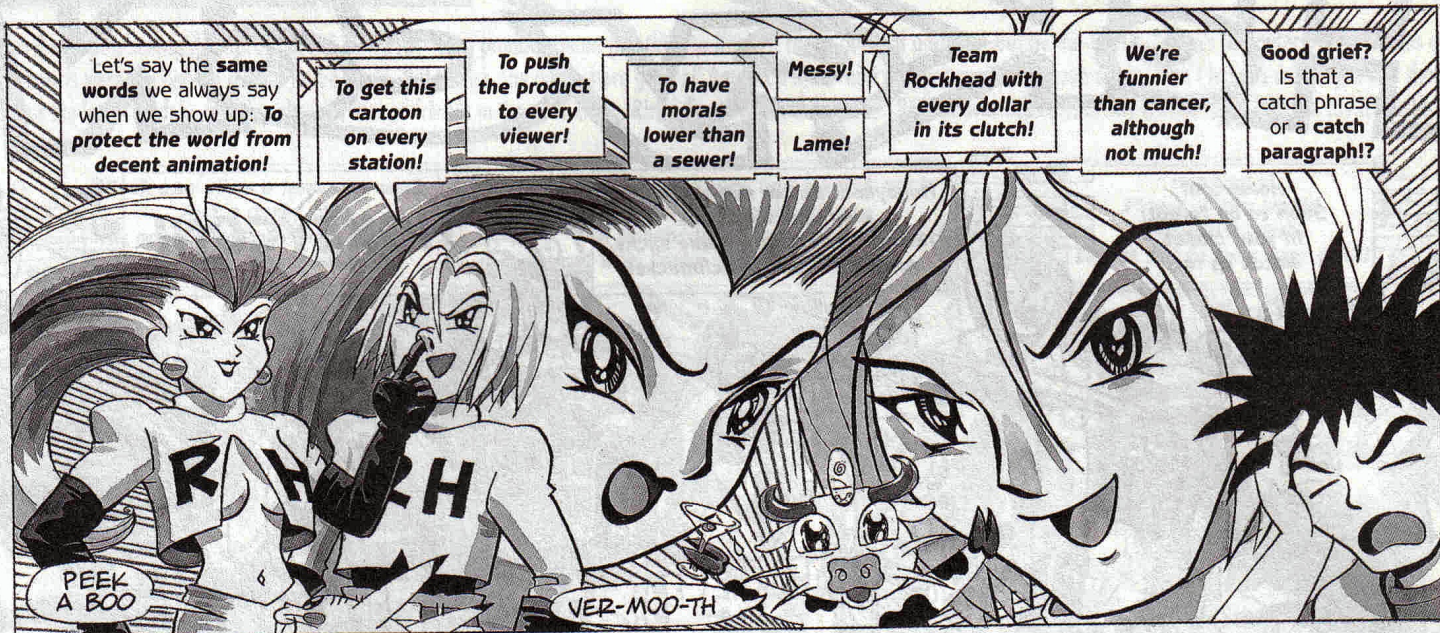
**OH NO!** Look who it is! It's **Team Rockhead**, of course! They show up **EVERY** episode!

Yes, but they **usually** show up **six minutes** into the show! **This** time, they didn't show up until **six minutes** and **twenty seconds!**

Ha! Never underestimate the **element** of **surprise!**







Let's say the **same words** we always say when we show up: **To protect the world from decent animation!**

**To get this cartoon on every station!**

**To push the product to every viewer!**

**To have morals lower than a sewer!**

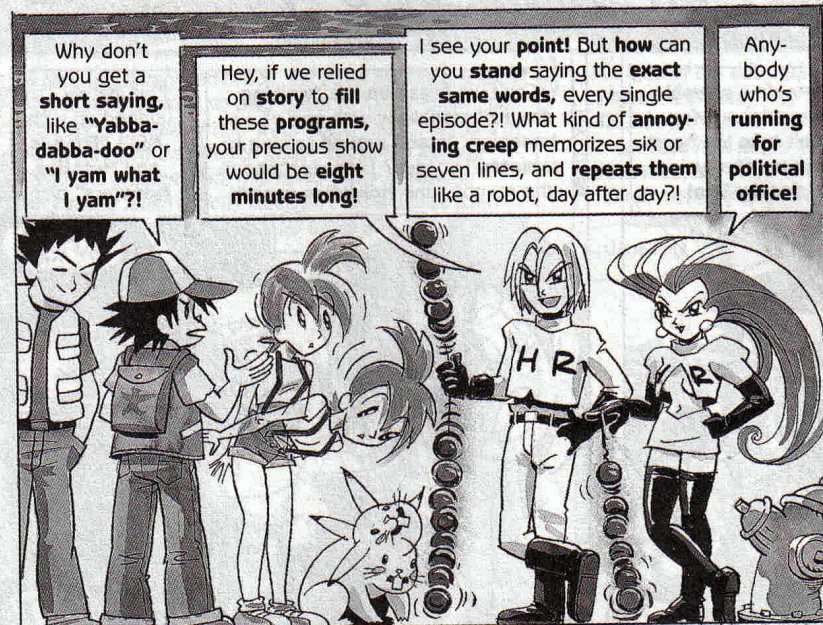
**Messy!**

**Lame!**

**Team Rockhead with every dollar in its clutch!**

**We're funnier than cancer, although not much!**

**Good grief? Is that a catch phrase or a catch paragraph!?**

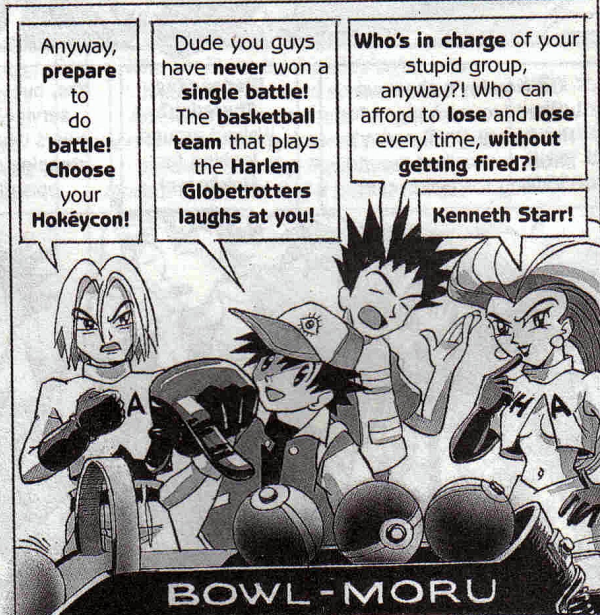


Why don't you get a **short saying**, like "Yabba-dabba-doo" or "I yam what I yam"!?

Hey, if we relied on **story** to fill these **programs**, your precious show would be **eight minutes long!**

I see your **point!** But **how** can you **stand** saying the **exact same words**, every single episode?! What kind of **annoying creep** memorizes six or seven lines, and **repeats them** like a robot, day after day?!

Anybody who's **running for political office!**



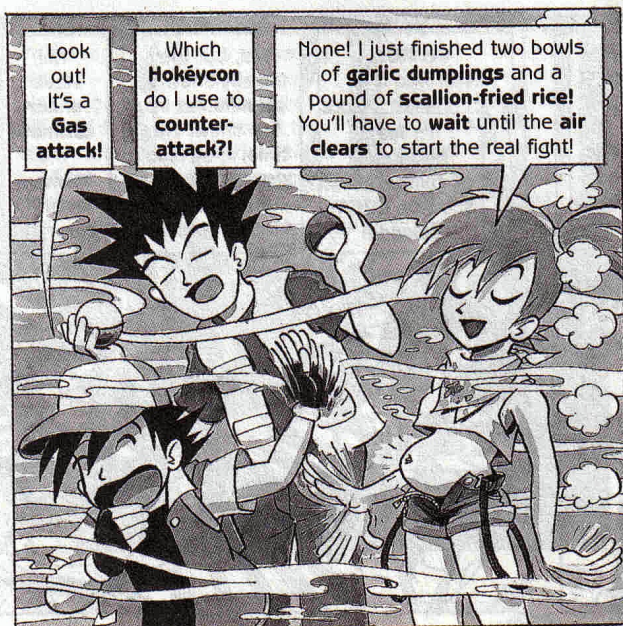
Anyway, **prepare** to do **battle!** Choose your **Hokéycon!**

Dude you guys have **never won a single battle!** The **basketball team** that plays the **Harlem Globetrotters** laughs at you!

Who's in **charge** of your stupid group, anyway?! Who can afford to **lose and lose** every time, **without getting fired?!**

**Kenneth Starr!**

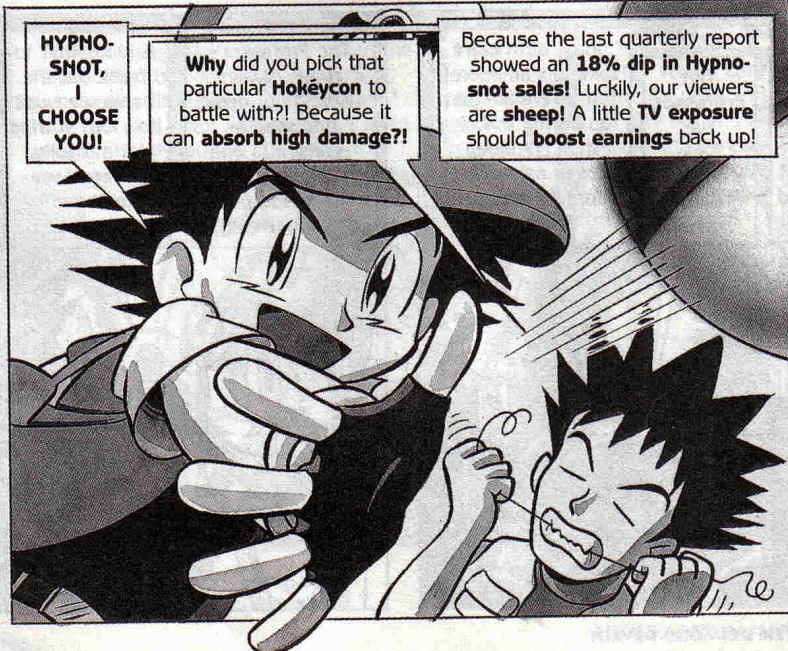
**BOWL-MORU**



Look out! It's a **Gas attack!**

Which **Hokéycon** do I use to **counter-attack?!**

None! I just finished two bowls of **garlic dumplings** and a pound of **scallion-fried rice!** You'll have to **wait** until the **air clears** to start the real fight!



**HYPNO-SHOT, I CHOOSE YOU!**

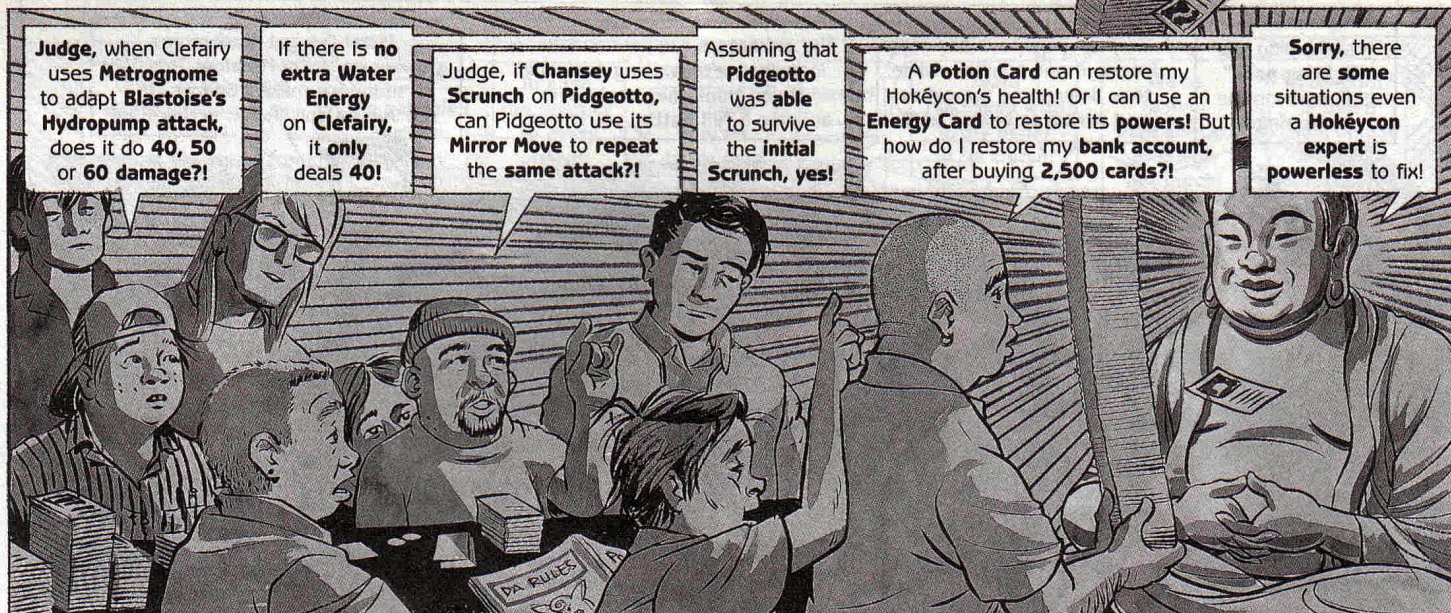
Why did you pick that particular **Hokéycon** to battle with?! Because it can **absorb high damage?!**

Because the last quarterly report showed an **18% dip in Hypno-shot sales!** Luckily, our viewers are **sheep!** A little **TV exposure** should **boost earnings** back up!







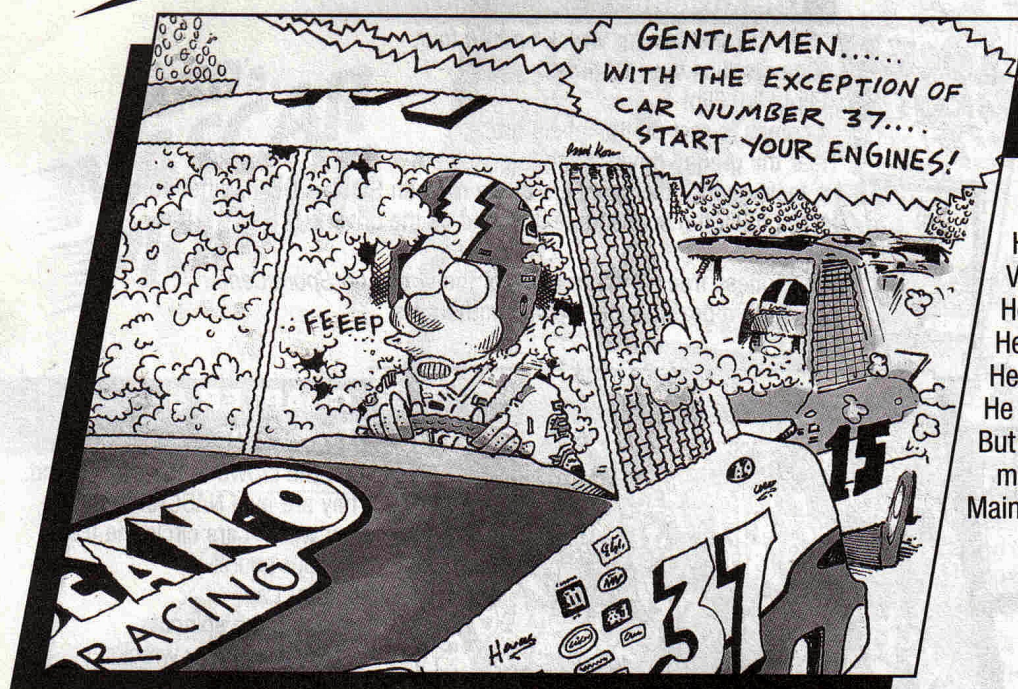
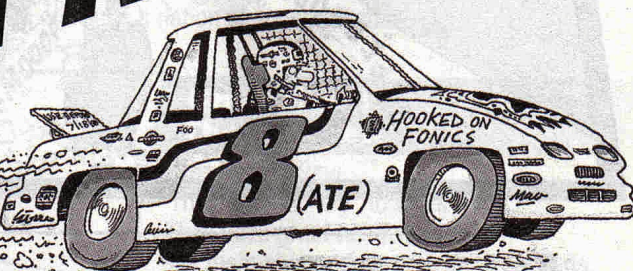






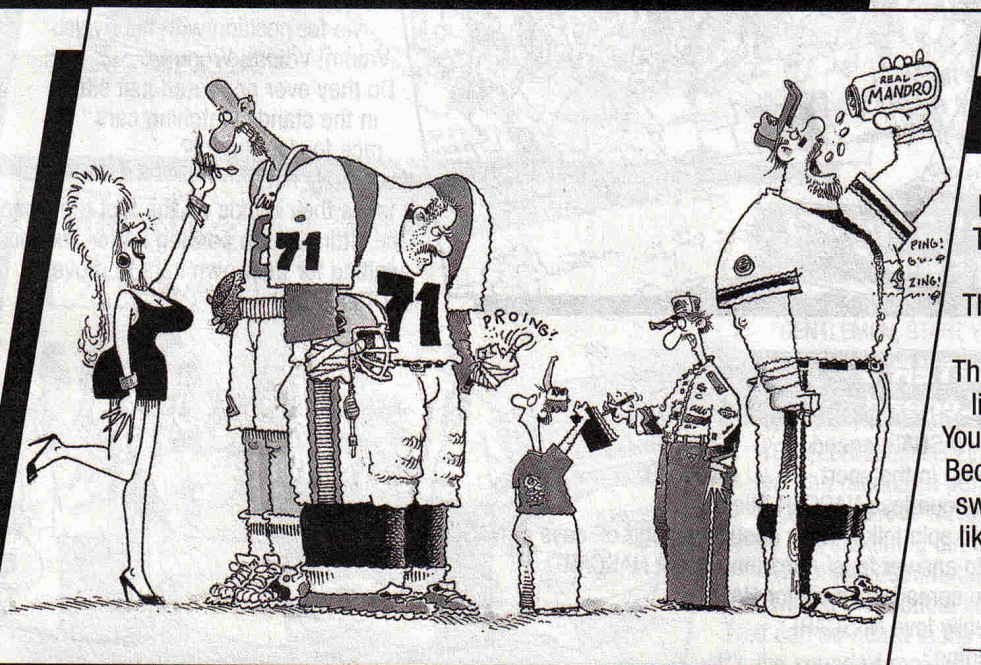
Not too long ago, if you asked someone to describe the typical NASCAR fan, they'd say, "A fat, lazy, slack-jawed, toothless yokel sitting in his lounge chair with a beer in one hand and a cigarette butt in the other." (Ironically, that's the exact same answer people give when you ask them to describe the typical Jerry Springer viewer, the typical wrestling fan or the typical MAD reader!) But over the last few years, NASCAR has grown exponentially, to the point where it even has fans who know what "exponentially" means! And, more importantly, it's now popular enough for us to make fun of! So, gentlemen, start your engines. Here's...

# MAD's NASCAR PRIMER



## CHAPTER 1 The Driver, Part I

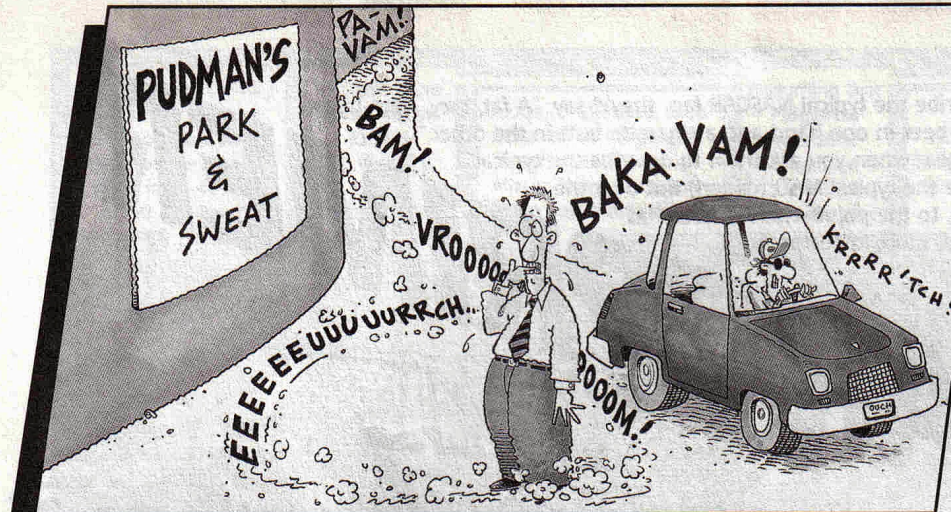
See the NASCAR driver.  
His job is very demanding.  
He must drive his car very fast.  
Vroom! Vroom! Vroom!  
He must avoid collisions.  
He must avoid hitting the wall.  
He must avoid lengthy pit stops.  
He must avoid being lapped by the leader.  
But there's one thing he must avoid  
more than anything else.  
Mainly, eating Mexican food just before the race.



## CHAPTER 2 The Driver, Part II

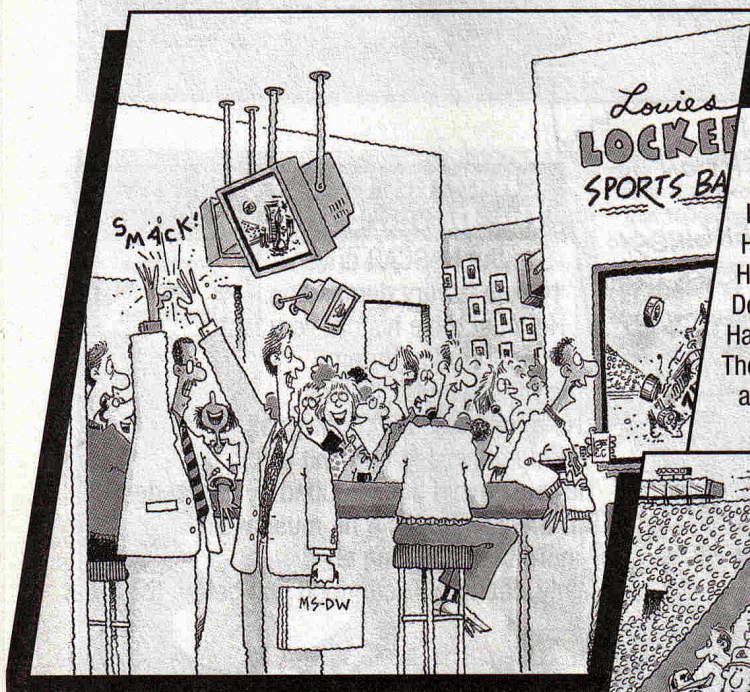
See the NASCAR driver.  
People say he isn't a real athlete.  
They say he doesn't run and throw  
like athletes in baseball.  
They say he isn't big and muscular  
like athletes in football.  
They say he isn't toned and conditioned  
like athletes in basketball.  
You know why else he isn't a real athlete?  
Because he isn't a whining, selfish,  
swell-headed prima donna  
like they are in baseball, football and basketball.





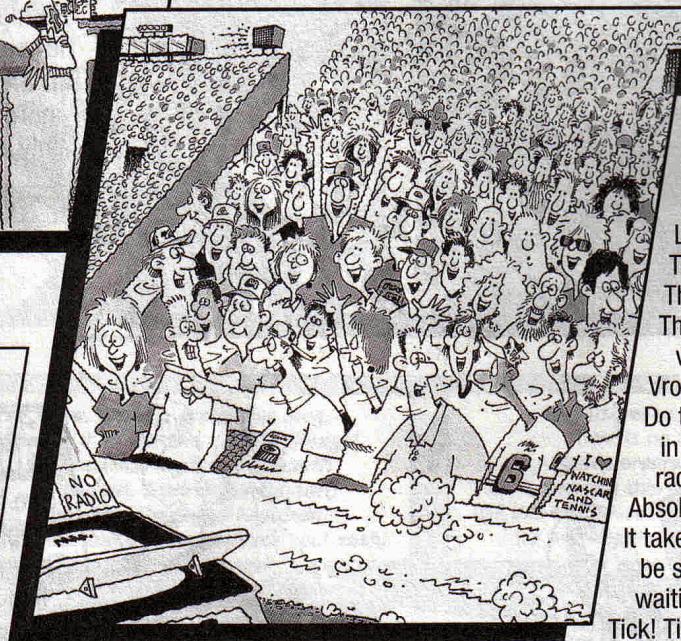
### CHAPTER 3 The NASCAR Owner

Pity the NASCAR owner.  
He's always nervous.  
Now his car is in the lead.  
Now it's shuffled back in the pack.  
Now it's spinning out of control.  
See it collide with other cars.  
Crash! Bang! Smash!  
See his car towed into the pits.  
It is a mess.  
Ever wonder what it's like to be a NASCAR owner?  
Just try this some time:  
Pull into a Manhattan parking garage.  
And hand your keys to the attendant.



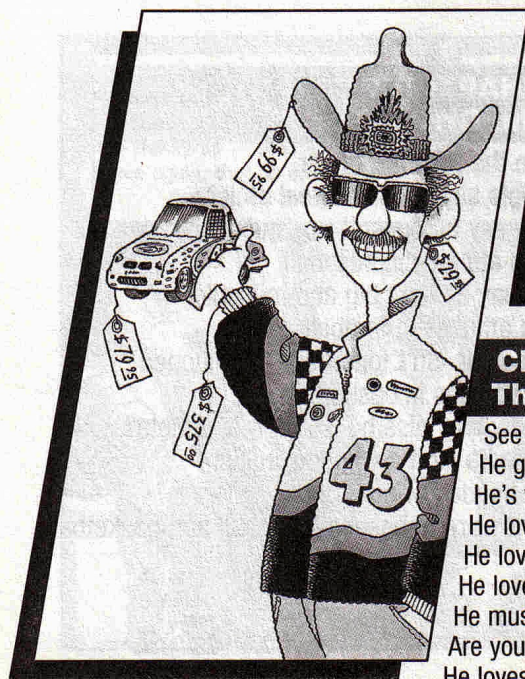
### CHAPTER 4 The Crashes

See the spectacular wreck on turn four.  
One car flips over 12 times.  
Flip! Flip! Flip!  
It comes to rest on the infield grass.  
Hear the groggy driver being interviewed.  
He feels bad for the sponsors of the Morgan Stanley-Dean Witter Ford.  
Do you think the sponsors feel as bad as the driver?  
Ha! Ha! Ha!  
The countless free slo-mo replays of the wreck on *SportsCenter*  
are worth a dozen Super Bowl commercials.



### CHAPTER 5 The Fans

See the crowd in the grandstand.  
They are avid NASCAR fans.  
They watch cars circle the track  
for four hours.  
Lap! Lap! Lap!  
They watch the spinouts.  
They watch the fiery wrecks.  
They watch their favorite driver  
vie for position with his rivals.  
Vroom! Vroom! Vroom!  
Do they ever get bored just sitting  
in the stands watching cars  
race for four hours?  
Absolutely not.  
It takes their minds off the fact they'll soon  
be sitting in the parking lot for *six* hours  
waiting for their own cars to move.  
Tick! Tick! Tick!

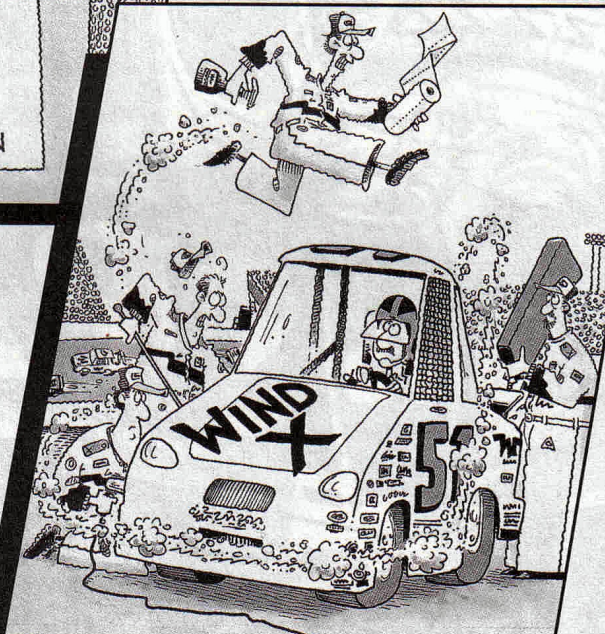


### CHAPTER 6 The Legend

See the NASCAR legend.  
He grew up in the sport.  
He's won countless NASCAR titles.  
He loves to spin folksy tales about the good ol' days of NASCAR.  
He loves to answer fans' questions about NASCAR.  
He loves to spread goodwill for NASCAR.  
He must really love NASCAR!  
Are you kidding?  
He loves the appearance fees for doing all of this on QVC.



# MAD's NASCAR PRIMER

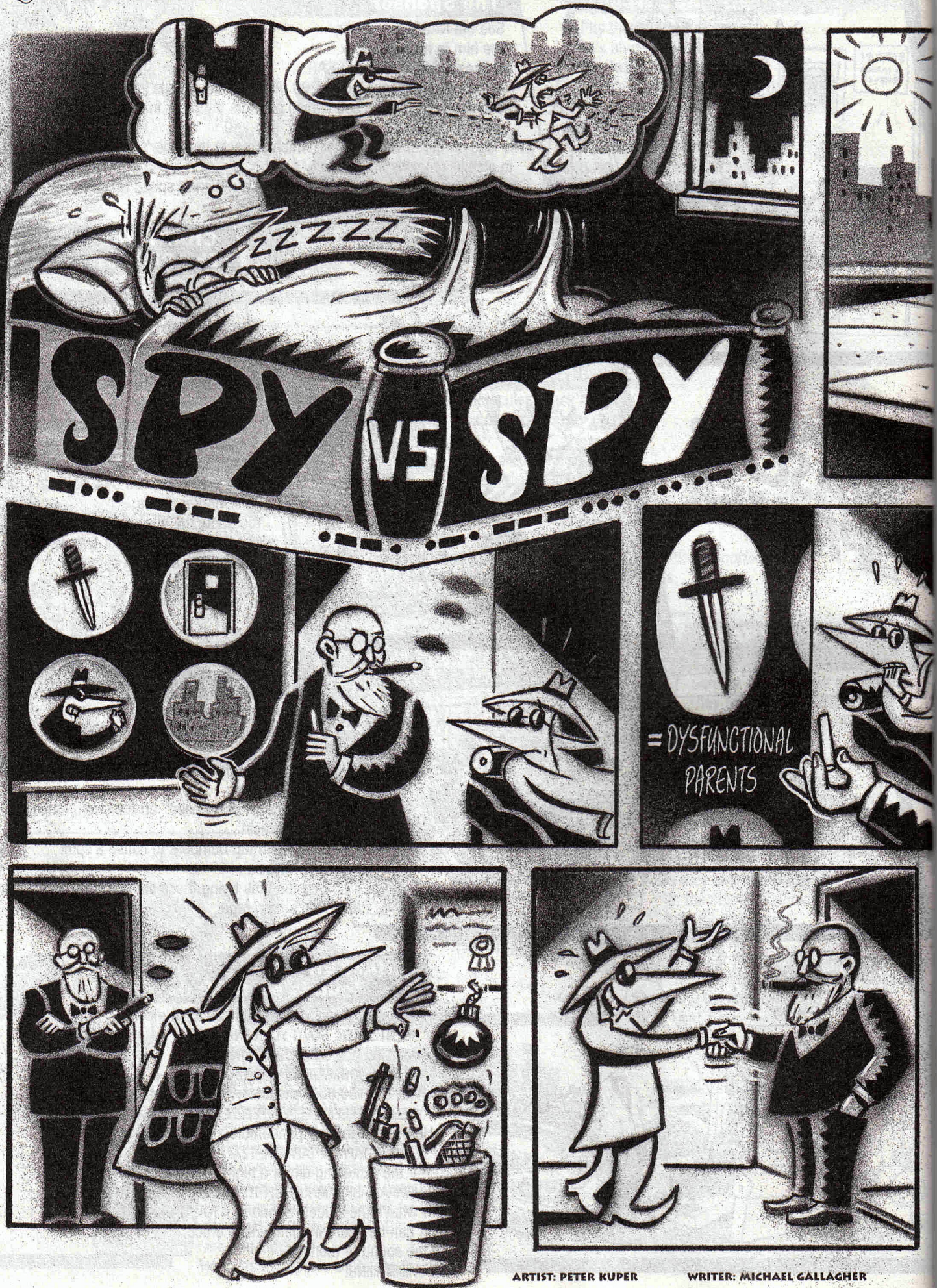


## CHAPTER 9

### The Race

## A cartoon illustration of a group of people at a "POKE-A-NOSE INTERNATIONAL SPEEDWAY". On the left, a large sign with the text "POKE-A-NOSE INTERNATIONAL SPEEDWAY" is visible. A group of five people are gathered around a white sofa. One man is sitting on the sofa, while others stand around him, some holding drinks. A large dollar sign (\$) is visible on the left side of the illustration. On the right, a man in a tuxedo stands next to a table with a sign that says "THE BUICKS STOP HERE". In the background, there is a large, curved structure resembling a racetrack or a grandstand, with a small building and a flag on top. The scene is set outdoors with some clouds in the sky.

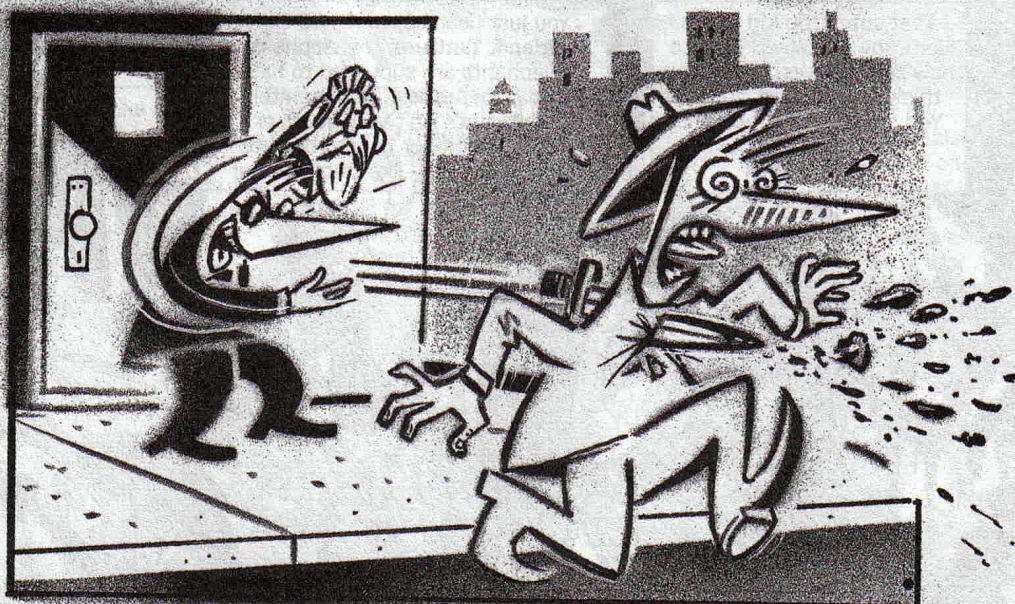
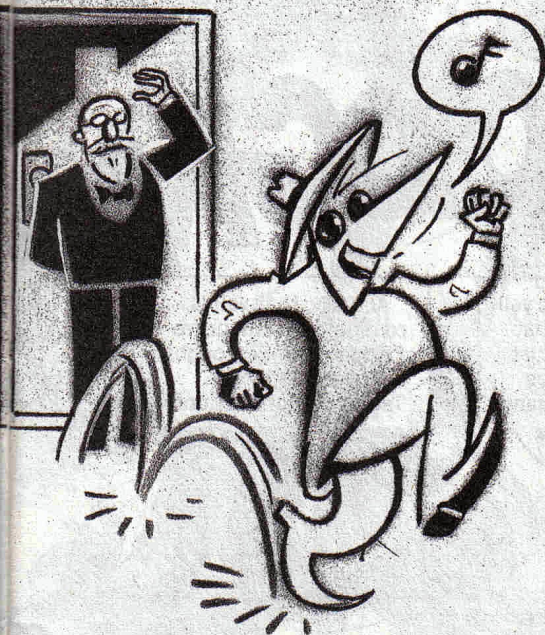
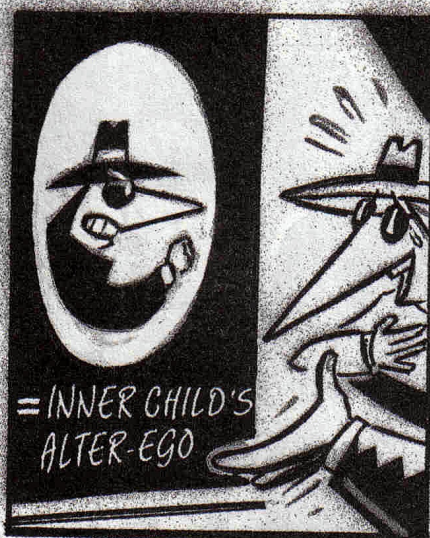
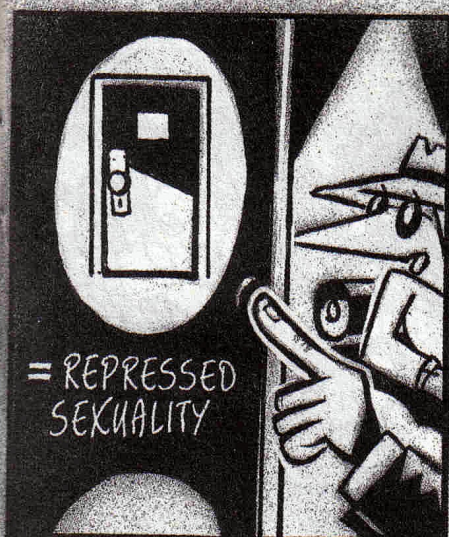
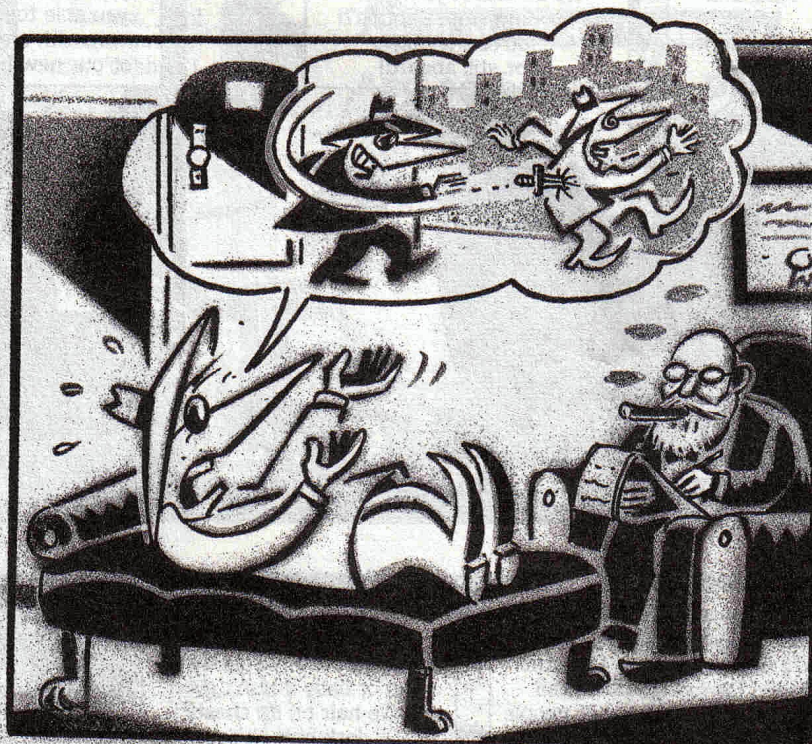
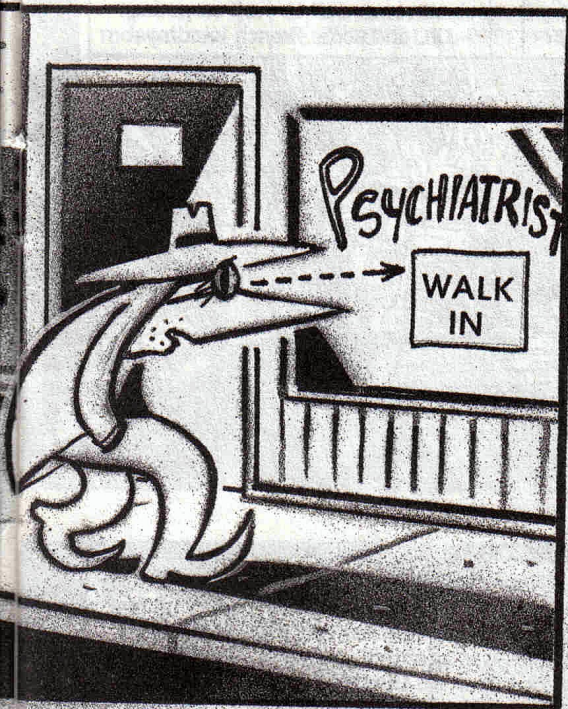




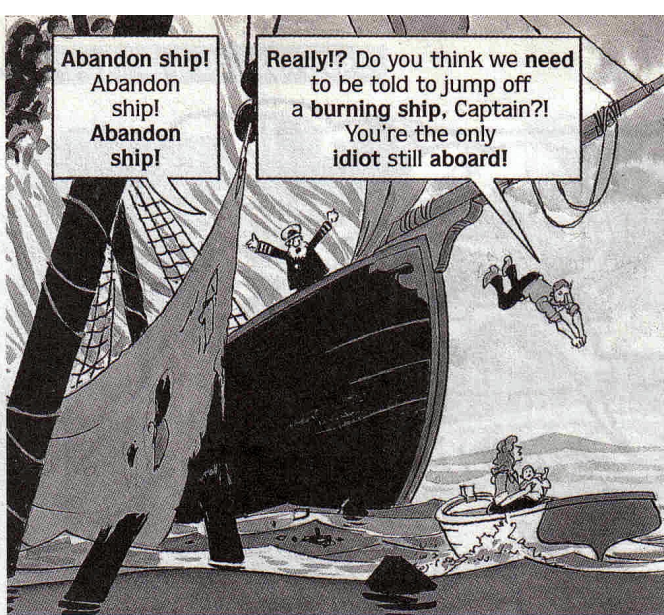
ARTIST: PETER KUPER

WRITER: MICHAEL GALLAGHER



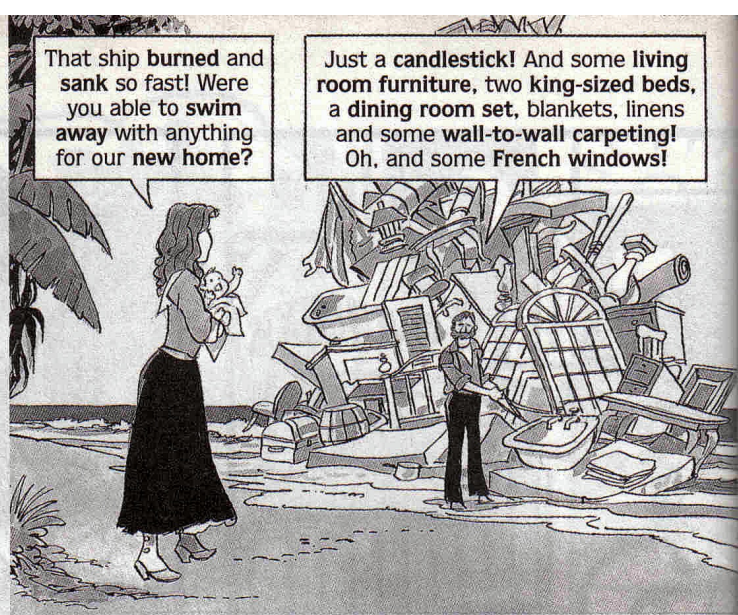






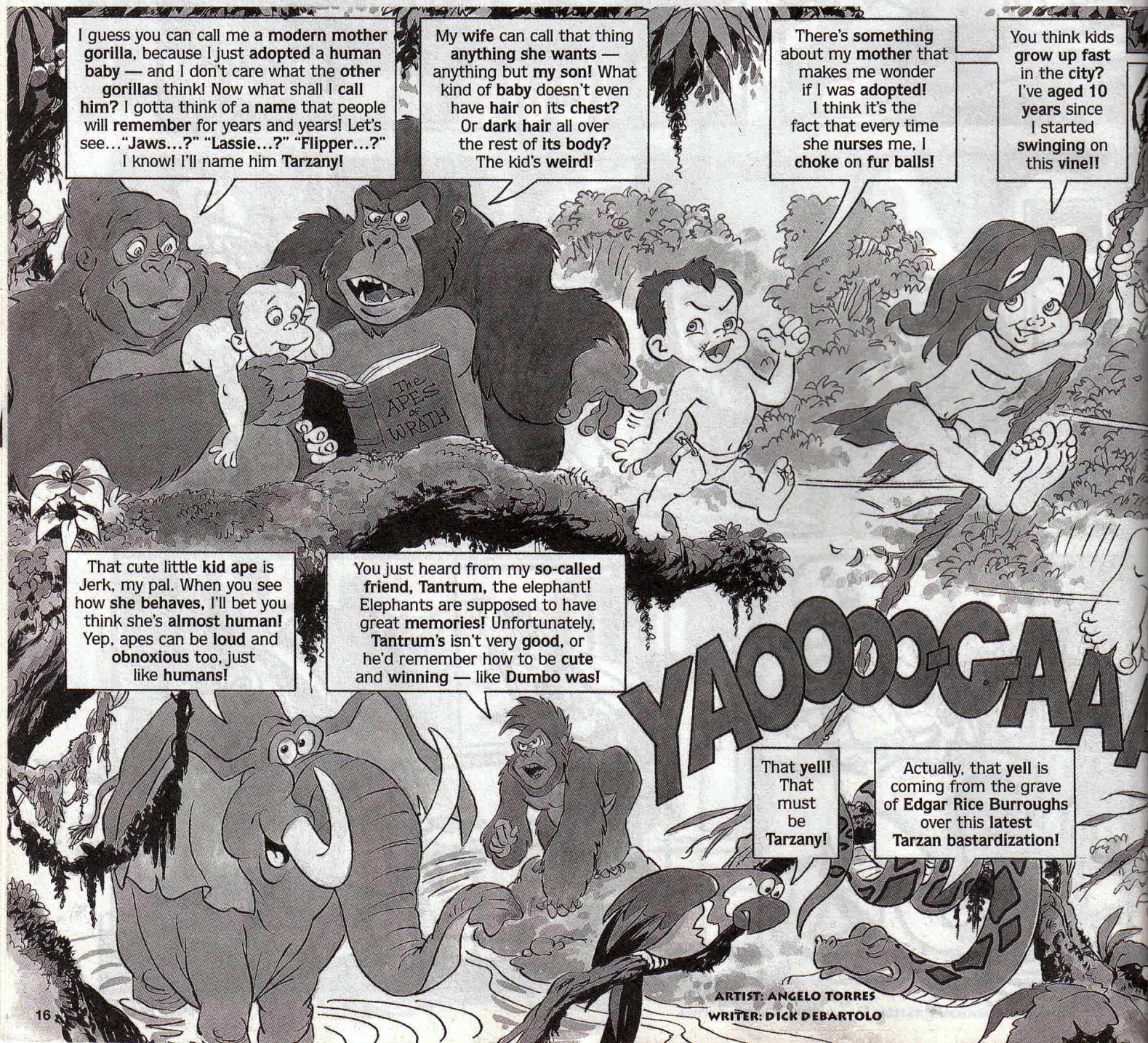
Abandon ship!  
Abandon  
ship!  
Abandon  
ship!

Really!? Do you think we need  
to be told to jump off  
a burning ship, Captain?!  
You're the only  
idiot still aboard!



That ship burned and  
sank so fast! Were  
you able to swim  
away with anything  
for our new home?

Just a candlestick! And some living  
room furniture, two king-sized beds,  
a dining room set, blankets, linens  
and some wall-to-wall carpeting!  
Oh, and some French windows!



I guess you can call me a **modern mother**  
gorilla, because I just adopted a human  
baby — and I don't care what the other  
gorillas think! Now what shall I call  
him? I gotta think of a name that people  
will remember for years and years! Let's  
see... "Jaws...?" "Lassie...?" "Flipper...?"  
I know! I'll name him **Tarzany!**

My wife can call that thing  
anything she wants —  
anything but my son! What  
kind of baby doesn't even  
have hair on its chest?  
Or dark hair all over  
the rest of its body?  
The kid's weird!

There's something  
about my mother that  
makes me wonder  
if I was adopted!  
I think it's the  
fact that every time  
she nurses me, I  
choke on fur balls!

You think kids  
grow up fast  
in the city?  
I've aged 10  
years since  
I started  
swinging on  
this vine!!

That cute little kid ape is  
Jerk, my pal. When you see  
how she behaves, I'll bet you  
think she's almost human!  
Yep, apes can be loud and  
obnoxious too, just  
like humans!

You just heard from my so-called  
friend, Tantrum, the elephant!  
Elephants are supposed to have  
great memories! Unfortunately,  
Tantrum's isn't very good, or  
he'd remember how to be cute  
and winning — like Dumbo was!

**YAOOOO-GAA**

That yell!  
That  
must  
be  
Tarzany!

Actually, that yell is  
coming from the grave  
of Edgar Rice Burroughs  
over this latest  
Tarzan bastardization!



The screens  
you put up  
are keeping  
out the  
mosquitoes!

Yes, but unfortunately the  
door I put up isn't keeping  
out this killer leopard!  
HE-EEEEEE-LLLL-PPPPPP!!!!

Forget how to  
say "Da-da" and  
"Ma-ma," son!  
Learn how to  
say "Orphan"!



HOLLYWOOD & VINES DEPT.

And so begins the Disney version  
of the Lord of the Apes saga. We  
tell you this because Disney, being  
Disney, totally sanitized this clas-  
sic story and made it politically  
correct. She Jane! We sick! He...

# TARZANY

Now I've aged  
another  
five years,  
but my  
diaper smells  
like it's  
aged  
50 years!

There! I'm fully  
grown! And by some  
strange miracle, I'm  
still clean-shaven!  
It's great to grow  
into an adult  
male and never  
have to shave!

H!

This looks like a perfect  
place to set up camp so  
we'll be able to see big,  
hairy apes close up! And they  
better be close up because  
my vision is somewhere  
in the 2000/2000 range!

Too bad your IQ is in the  
20/20 range, Father! So,  
this is the jungle! I hope  
I'm not overdressed! I got  
all my fashion tips for  
this trip from my good  
friend, Mary Poppins!

I can't wait till I get my  
hands on some wild animals!  
For photographic purposes only,  
of course! It's rumored that I  
poach animals, but that's  
ludicrous! Fry, bake, boil...yes!  
But I never, EVER poach 'em!

NO  
SURF  
BOARDING  
ALLOWED

tones



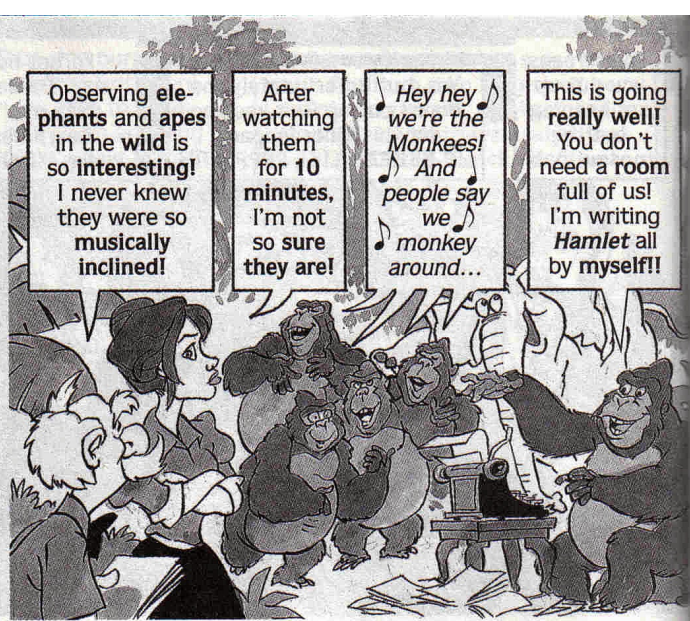


So that you'll accept me, I have brought you a peace offering — a leopard I killed! You could have it for dinner, or maybe a snack!

Duh! We're gorillas! We're vegetarians! You should've brought us leaves! Or a fresh fruit salad would've been even better!

Um, well, maybe you could make this leopard into a coat!

Everyone in the jungle is anti-fur! Get with the program!

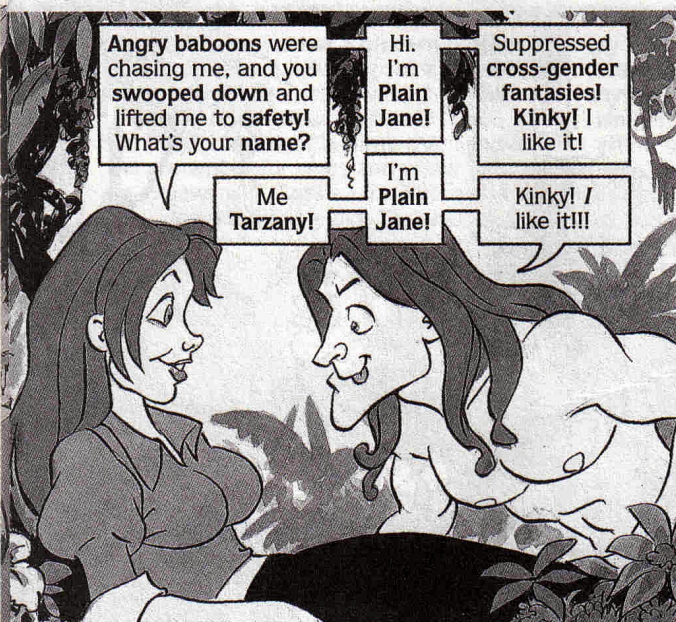


Observing elephants and apes in the wild is so interesting! I never knew they were so musically inclined!

After watching them for 10 minutes, I'm not so sure they are!

Hey hey we're the Monkees! And people say we monkey around...

This is going really well! You don't need a room full of us! I'm writing *Hamlet* all by myself!!



Angry baboons were chasing me, and you swooped down and lifted me to safety! What's your name?

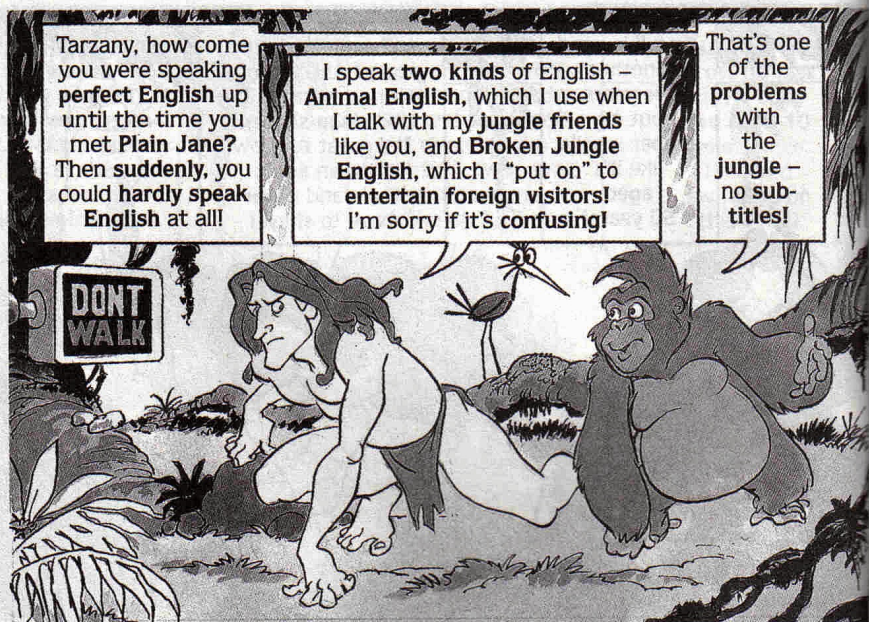
Hi. I'm Plain Jane!

Suppressed cross-gender fantasies! Kinky! I like it!

Me Tarzany!

I'm Plain Jane!

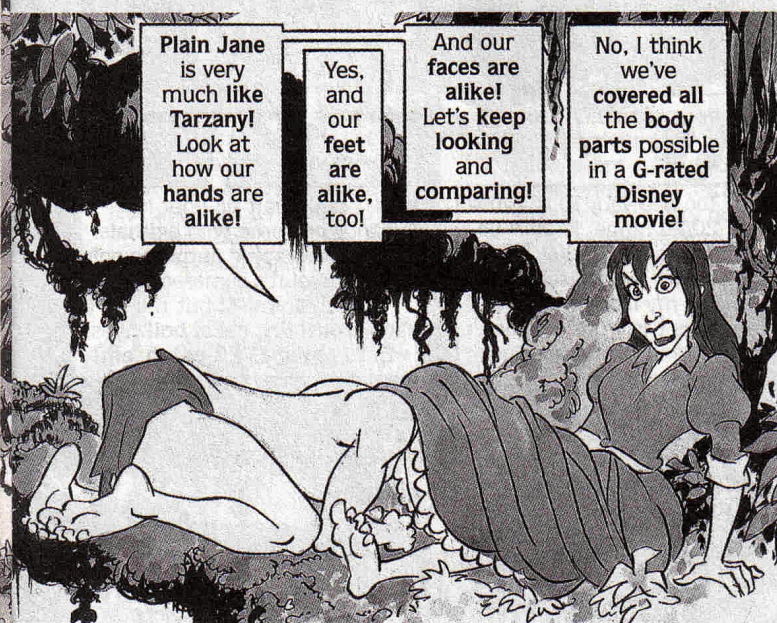
Kinky! I like it!!!



Tarzany, how come you were speaking perfect English up until the time you met Plain Jane? Then suddenly, you could hardly speak English at all!

I speak two kinds of English — Animal English, which I use when I talk with my jungle friends like you, and Broken Jungle English, which I "put on" to entertain foreign visitors! I'm sorry if it's confusing!

That's one of the problems with the jungle — no subtitles!



Plain Jane is very much like Tarzany! Look at how our hands are alike!

Yes, and our feet are alike, too!

And our faces are alike! Let's keep looking and comparing!

No, I think we've covered all the body parts possible in a G-rated Disney movie!



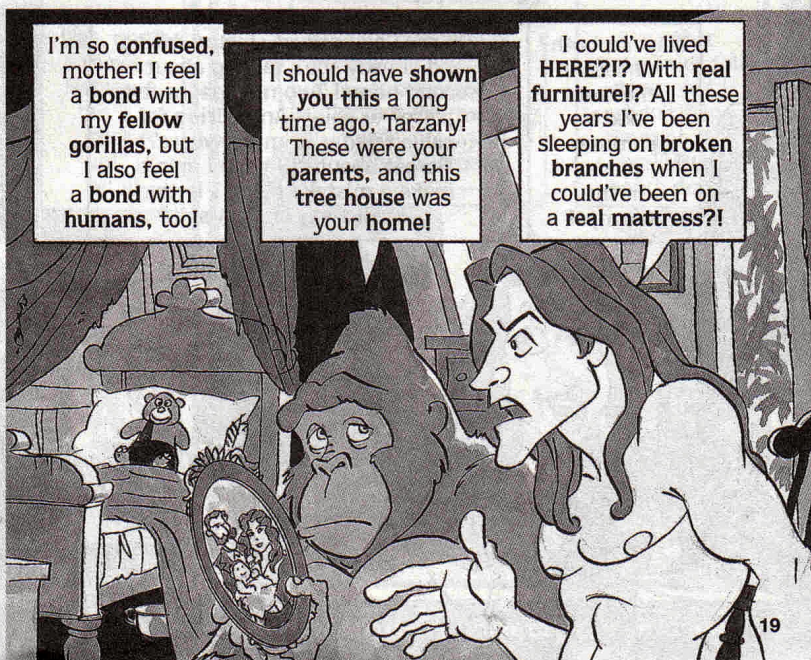
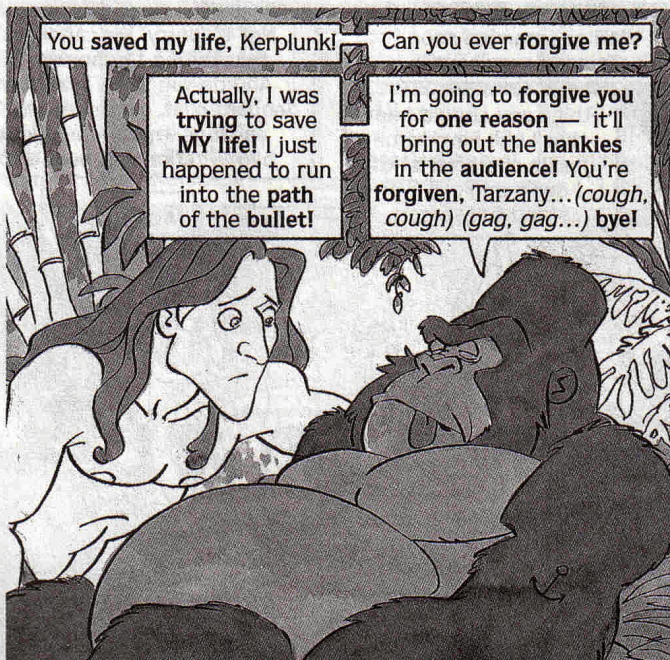
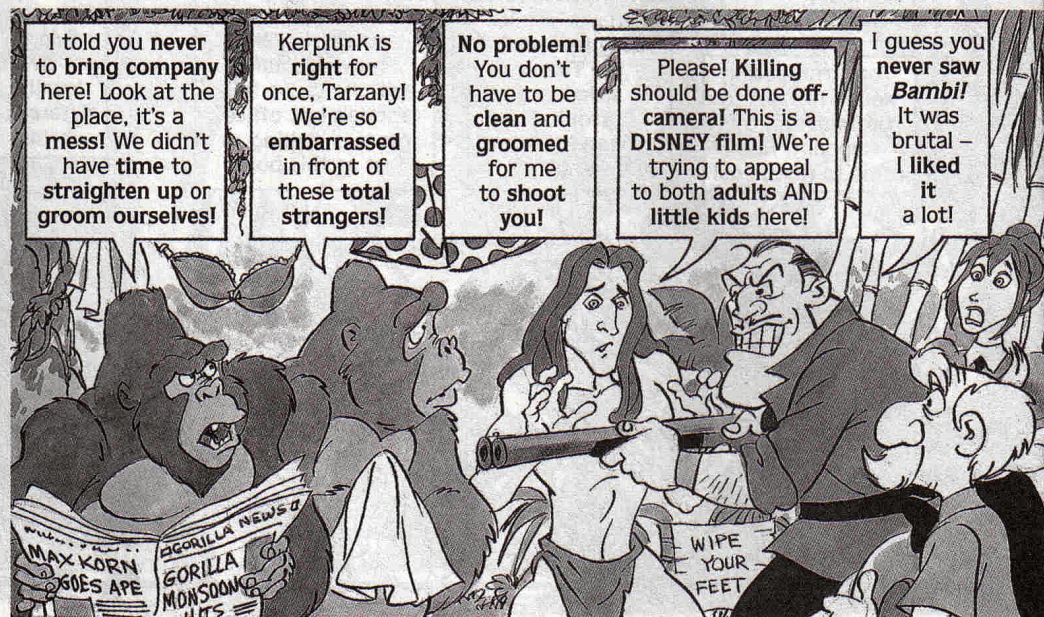
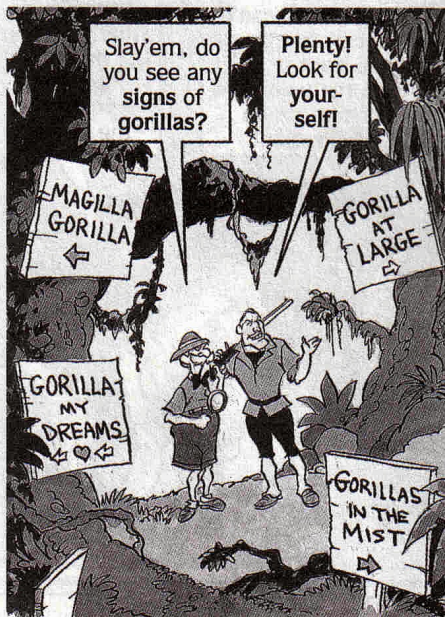
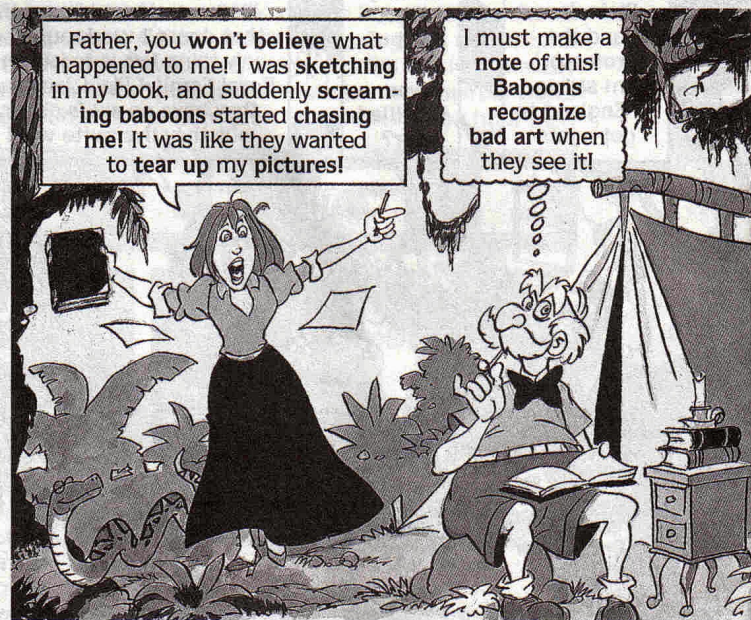
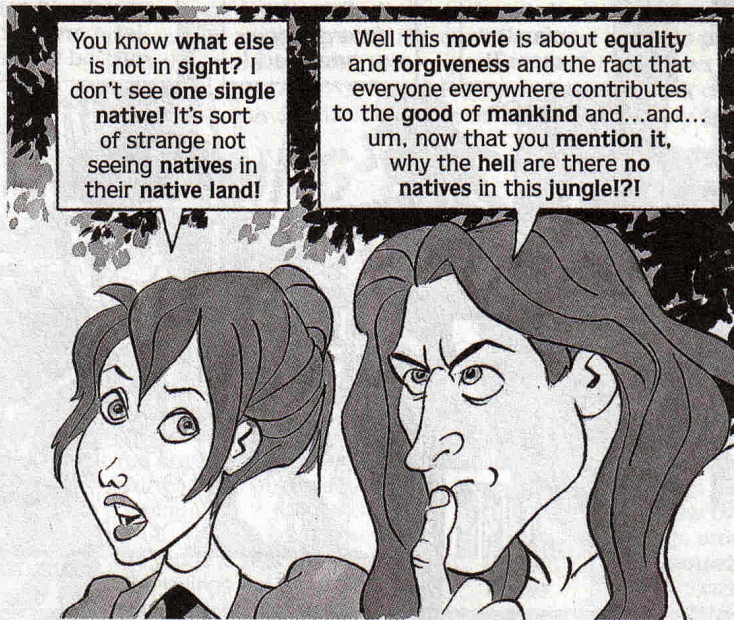
What's everyone doing?

Washing down the leaves, sanding and shellacking the tree trunks! Waxing and polishing the butterflies!

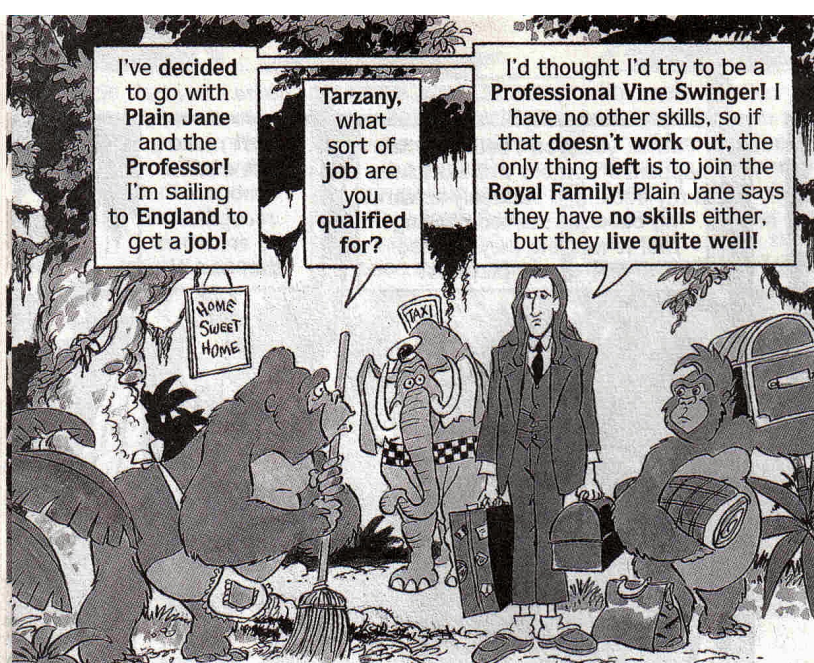
You know, I **THOUGHT** this jungle seemed especially clean!

Yep! It's almost an unbelievable fantasy land, isn't it? Two million square miles of foliage, and not one weed or creepy bug in sight!









I've decided to go with Plain Jane and the Professor! I'm sailing to England to get a job!

Tarzany, what sort of job are you qualified for?

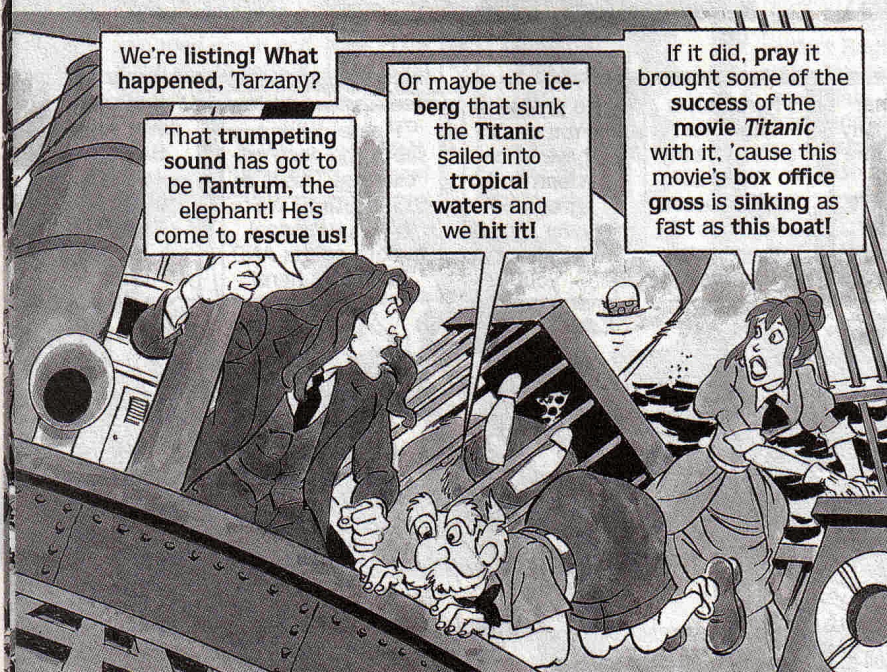
I'd thought I'd try to be a Professional Vine Swinger! I have no other skills, so if that doesn't work out, the only thing left is to join the Royal Family! Plain Jane says they have no skills either, but they live quite well!



What's going on? Why are those animals in cages?!

We're being paid 300 pounds sterling a head for every one we bring back!

Yeah, and if it's 300 pounds for the head, we should get a lot more for the gut and the butt!

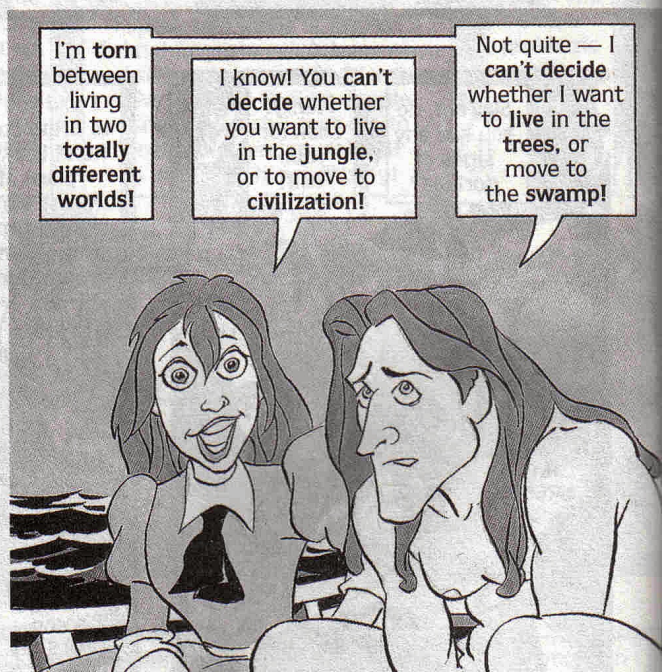


We're listing! What happened, Tarzany?

That trumpeting sound has got to be Tantrum, the elephant! He's come to rescue us!

Or maybe the iceberg that sunk the Titanic sailed into tropical waters and we hit it!

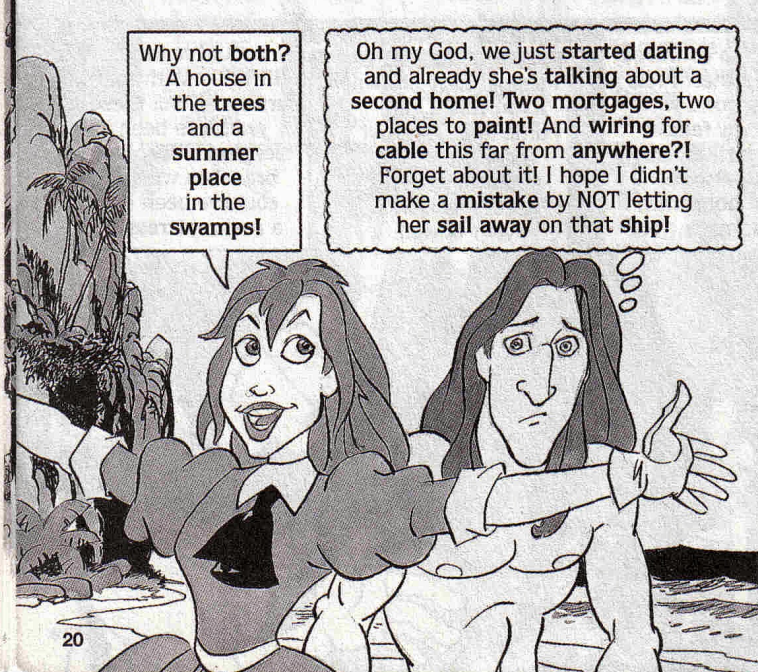
If it did, pray it brought some of the success of the movie *Titanic* with it, 'cause this movie's box office gross is sinking as fast as this boat!



I'm torn between living in two totally different worlds!

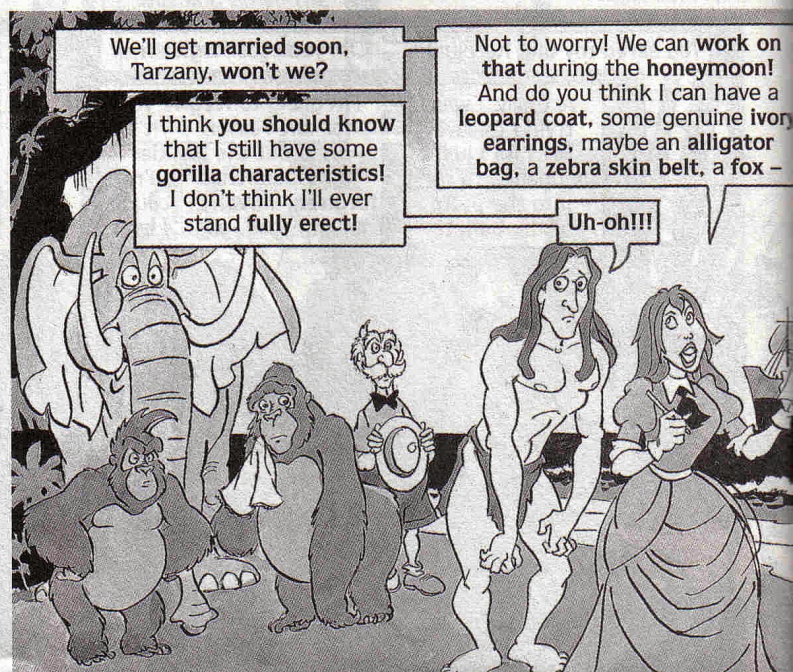
I know! You can't decide whether you want to live in the jungle, or to move to civilization!

Not quite — I can't decide whether I want to live in the trees, or move to the swamp!



Why not both? A house in the trees and a summer place in the swamps!

Oh my God, we just started dating and already she's talking about a second home! Two mortgages, two places to paint! And wiring for cable this far from anywhere?! Forget about it! I hope I didn't make a mistake by NOT letting her sail away on that ship!



We'll get married soon, Tarzany, won't we?

I think you should know that I still have some gorilla characteristics! I don't think I'll ever stand fully erect!

Not to worry! We can work on that during the honeymoon! And do you think I can have a leopard coat, some genuine ivory earrings, maybe an alligator bag, a zebra skin belt, a fox —

Uh-oh!!!





It's the legal battle of the century that doesn't involve the words "Kato," "planted DNA" or "Mr. Fung"! United States prosecutors are going after Microsoft for illegal business practices, and you can bet they'll be arguing this sucker until it reaches the Supreme Court — just in time for Windows 2032! And guess who ultimately pays for this legal fiasco? Hint, hint: Who ALWAYS pays? But why should we fork over the dough for some judge to decide whether Bill Gates gets to keep his \$60 billion, or has to survive on a paltry \$25,000,000,099.95? Let's get it all over in half an hour by...

# SETTLING THE MICROSOFT MONOPOLY LAWSUIT ON

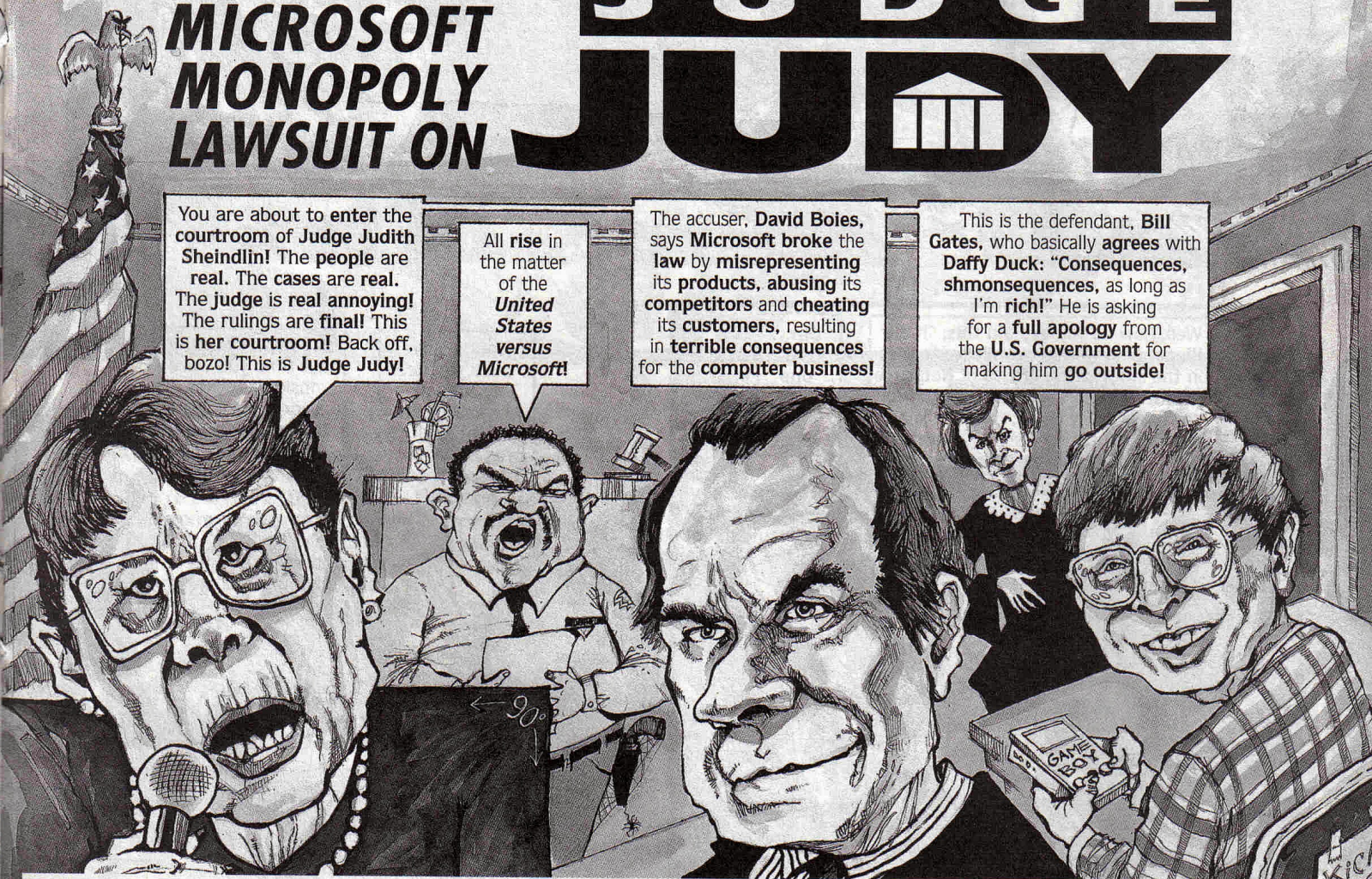
# JUDGE JUDY

You are about to enter the courtroom of Judge Judith Sheindlin! The people are real. The cases are real. The judge is real annoying! The rulings are final! This is her courtroom! Back off, bozo! This is Judge Judy!

All rise in the matter of the *United States versus Microsoft!*

The accuser, **David Boies**, says **Microsoft broke the law** by **misrepresenting its products**, **abusing its competitors** and **cheating its customers**, resulting in **terrible consequences** for the **computer business!**

This is the defendant, **Bill Gates**, who basically agrees with **Daffy Duck**: "**Consequences, shmconsequences**, as long as I'm rich!" He is asking for a **full apology** from the **U.S. Government** for making him **go outside!**



Okay, I've read the **complaint!** Mr. Boies, **tell me why this guy put the bug up your butt!**

Using a series of **predatory business tactics**, Mr. Gates and **Microsoft** sought to **eliminate Netscape** —

Do you see a **sign** saying "**Chinese spoken here**"? I don't have **time** for this! Tell me **what they did in 15 seconds or less!** Hurry up, the **meter's running!**

But, Your Honor, for me to **truly explain Microsoft's dominance** in the **marketplace**, I must —

Tick, tock, **BUZZZZ!** "Blah, **blah, don't move, Netscape**, this is a **stick-up!**" I get it!

**Mr. Gates**, what do you have to **say** about this?

Your Honor, in **no way** did we intend to **adversely impact the market-place** as a whole! What **Microsoft** did was —

**Zip it!** I can do it in **25 words or less**: "All the **other companies** fall down, but I **didn't trip them** on purpose!" **Bing, bang, done!**





Mr. Gates, I have hundreds of incriminating e-mails you sent or received, then tried to destroy!

Your Honor, he's taking these e-mails totally out of context!

Like this? "This antitrust lawsuit will blow over, and we'll go back to squeezing 'em dry in no time"?

Exactly! You see, there was a thunderstorm coming, and all the legal papers were next to an open window! I was afraid the wind would knock them into a puddle, and we'd have to wring out the pages!

But what about THIS e-mail you sent to AOL: "How much do we have to pay you to screw Netscape?"

Again, out of context! There was a little smiley face afterwards!

Well, how do you explain this: "If our illegal plan works, we will live to piss on the smoldering graves of Netscape scum! Microsoft will buy their assets at bankruptcy court, then we shall celebrate by taking also their women!"

Um... that one was a typo!

Your Honor, I think you need to look at those internal e-mails as a sort of "locker room bravado"!

Bill, baby, I bet the last time you were inside a locker room, the football team flushed your head in the toilet until you wet yourself!

Your Honor, Microsoft's only crime is success! When this company began in the 1970s, IBM was the big kahuna - but they were old, slow and overconfident! They failed to see the future in computing, and that's how we knocked them off! It's a little something called "vision"! We had it and IBM didn't!

Oh, you mean like how Microsoft totally missed the boat on the internet?

Hey! Microsoft did NOT screw up predicting the internet! The company's procedural plan was... uh, the idea of integrating our system with...er, e-commerce is a huge facet in our...ummm... I have a really big house!





Mr. Gates, you agreed that Windows 95 violated antitrust laws! But you went ahead and broke the same laws with Windows 98, claiming it was a new product! What's the legal difference between Windows 95 and Windows 98?

Three years! Ha! Get it? Anyway, we didn't break any laws!

But you already admitted that you did!

Ohhh, THOSE anti-trust laws! Well, yeah, but our competitors have increased in value! So where's the harm?

You mean your defense is: "We didn't break the law, but if we did, it helped the competition"?!

You think THAT'S slick, wait 'til I explain how they make suckers pay TWICE for the same program just to get their bug-filled, misprogrammed crap to finally work, and call the second purchases "upgrades"!



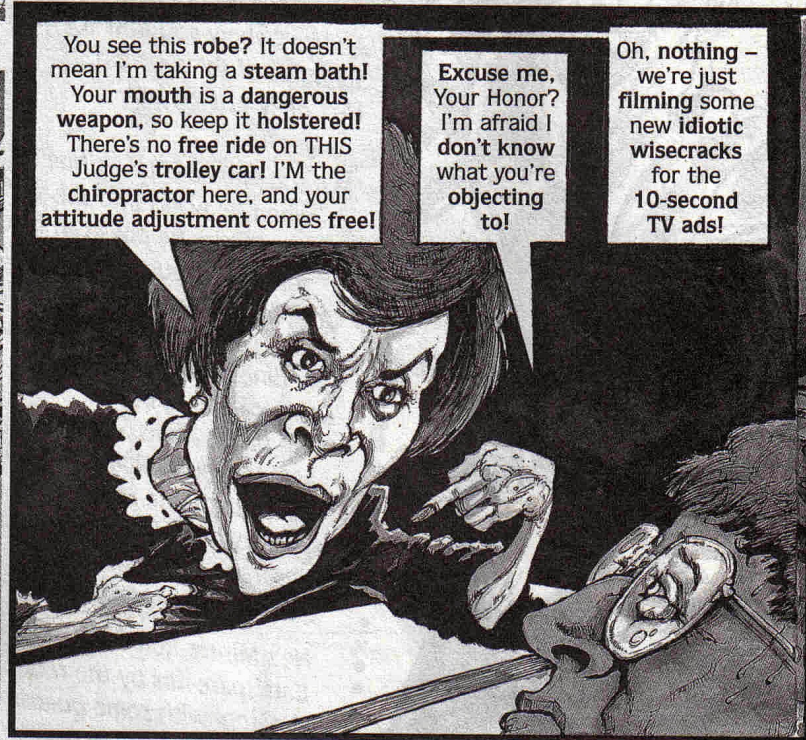
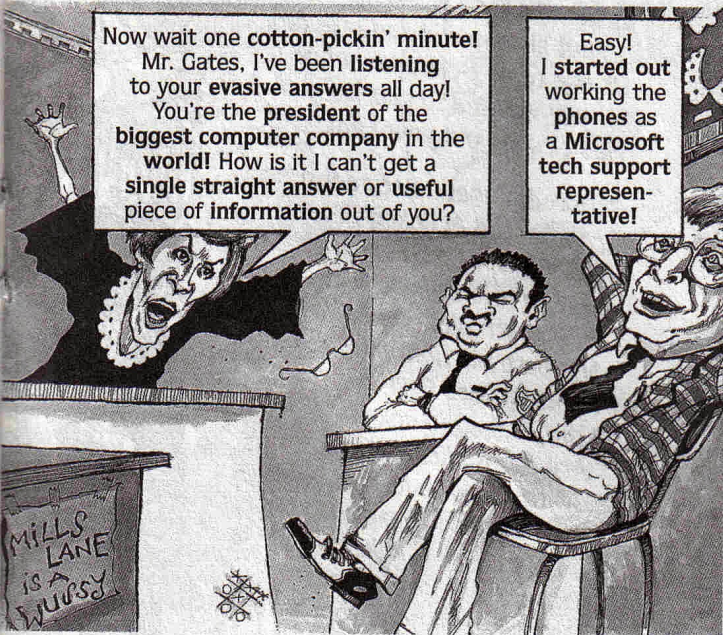
Now wait one cotton-pickin' minute! Mr. Gates, I've been listening to your evasive answers all day! You're the president of the biggest computer company in the world! How is it I can't get a single straight answer or useful piece of information out of you?

Easy! I started out working the phones as a Microsoft tech support representative!

You see this robe? It doesn't mean I'm taking a steam bath! Your mouth is a dangerous weapon, so keep it holstered! There's no free ride on THIS Judge's trolley car! I'M the chiropractor here, and your attitude adjustment comes free!

Excuse me, Your Honor? I'm afraid I don't know what you're objecting to!

Oh, nothing - we're just filming some new idiotic wisecracks for the 10-second TV ads!



Okay, so maybe Microsoft played a little rough, told a fib or two and broke every corporate law in North America!

Now we're getting somewhere! Confession is good for the soul, bunk!

But what matters is that they gave your husband Ed Koch's gig on *People's Court*!

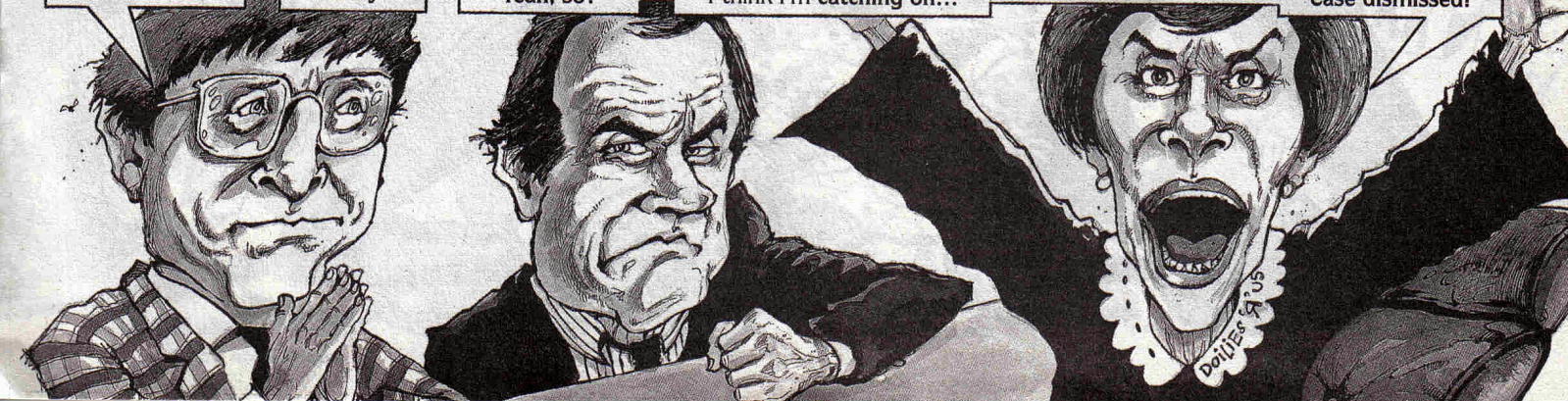
Yeah, so?

And Judge Mills Lane is doing well! As are Burton Katz, Joe Brown and Judge Wapner! That's a lot of competition! You might say they threaten your ratings *monopoly*!

I think I'm catching on...

I know the heads of every TV station in the country! A few calls, and by Monday, *Judge Judy* is the only court show on TV!

I usually go into chambers before rendering a decision! But not this time! Sometimes a monopoly IS a good thing! Case dismissed!





Where have all the fatties gone? Svelte Oprah has shed sixty pounds. Rush Limbaugh is but a shadow of his once flabby self. Ah, but one corpulent celeb remains – The Today Show's Al Roker! So let us salute that heaviest of heavy weathermen with...

# LIVIN' TO

Sung to the tune of  
**"LIVIN' LA VIDA LOCA"**

**He's in-to heav-y noshin' –**  
 Shops at the fat man's store;  
 Just hear his bel-ly sloshin' –  
 Cryin' out it still wants more!

**Check out his gut re-action –**  
 And he'll show you how it's done;  
 Six burps of sat-is-faction,  
 He's on-ly just begun!

**All supermarkets cheer him**  
 when he walks into the store –  
 The gro-cer-ies he buys can feed a  
 fam-i-ly of four  
 Or a West Point Army Corps!

**Sar-dines...turnip greens!**  
 Livin' to feed Al Roker!  
 With baked hams...Smucker's jams!  
 Livin' to feed Al Roker!  
 Plus bleu cheese...black-eyed peas!  
 And pastrami right from the smoker!  
 Pigs-feet...Cream of Wheat!  
 Livin' to feed Al Roker!

**He's Mis-ter Roly-Poly –**  
 Eats spare-ribs by the rack;  
 Rigatoni with some guacamole  
 Makes for a tasty between-meal snack!

**Don't leave him for a moment**  
 when you're on a dinner date –  
 Returning, you'll discover that  
 you've suffered a sad fate!  
 He's now eating off your plate!

**Smoked tongue...Egg Foo Yung!**  
 Livin' to feed Al Roker!  
 With sau-téed marmalade!  
 Livin' to feed Al Roker!  
 Plus frog's legs...ostrich eggs!  
 And pastrami right from the smoker!  
 Crab cakes...Frosted Flakes!  
 Livin' to feed Al Roker!

**Invite him for a weekend,**  
 but be watchful and take care,  
 Or else come Monday morning  
 you will find to your despair  
 He's cleaned out your Frigidaire!

**Stewed prunes...macaroons!**  
 Livin' to feed Al Roker!  
 Plus plums, pears, French eclairs!  
 Livin' to feed Al Roker!  
 With peach pies...Wendy's fries!  
 And pastrami right from the smoker!  
 Hor-mel...Taco Bell!  
 Livin' to feed Al Roker!  
 Veal chops...fields of crops!  
 Livin' to feed Al Roker!  
 With U-kraine cheap champagne!  
 Livin' to feed Al Roker!  
 Plus ox-tails...pails of snails!  
 And pastrami right from the smoker!  
 Good grief...sides of beef!  
 Livin' to feed Al Roker!

**Livin' to feed Al Roker!**  
 Helpin' to feed Al Roker!  
 That's how you feed Al Roker!





# FEED AL ROKER



ARTIST: RICK TULKA

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS





# MONTY and... THE

MOM DOESN'T LIKE ME COMING OVER HERE WHEN IT ISN'T VISITING DAY, BUT SINCE I'M HERE SHE SAYS I MIGHT AS WELL PICK UP THE \$CHECK.\$

SHE LOVES TO BUST BALLS, THAT ONE! HERE YOU GO, MORE BLOOD FROM A STONE!

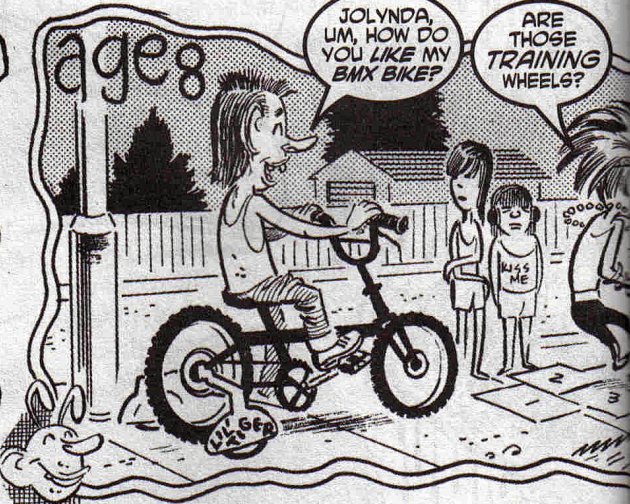
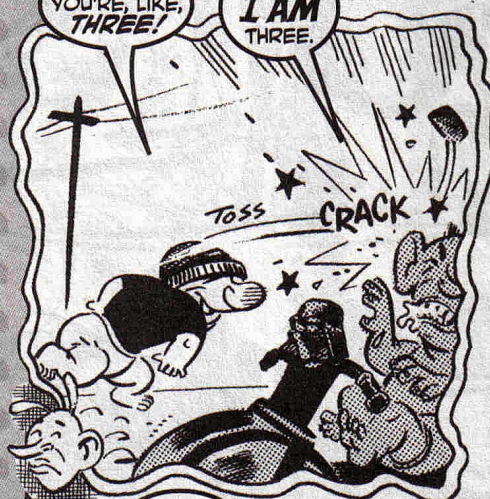
SO, I GUESS YOU GOT A BIRTHDAY COMING UP.

IT WAS LAST MONTH, BUT YEAH.



YEAH... IF YOU'RE, LIKE, THREE!

BUT I AM THREE.



I JUST LOVE BOYS WHO CAN DO TRICKS.

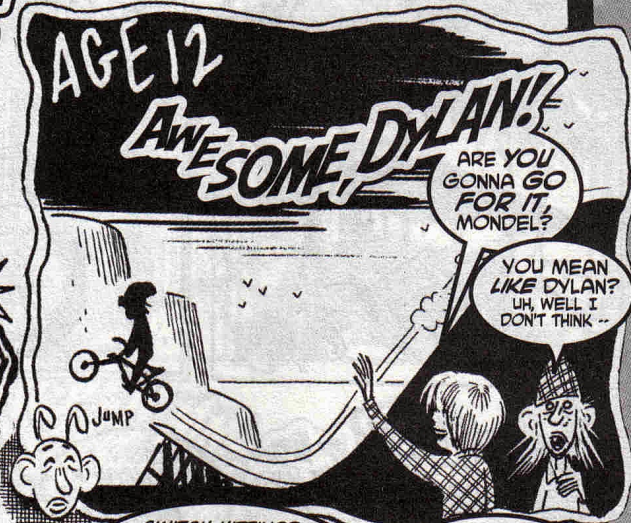
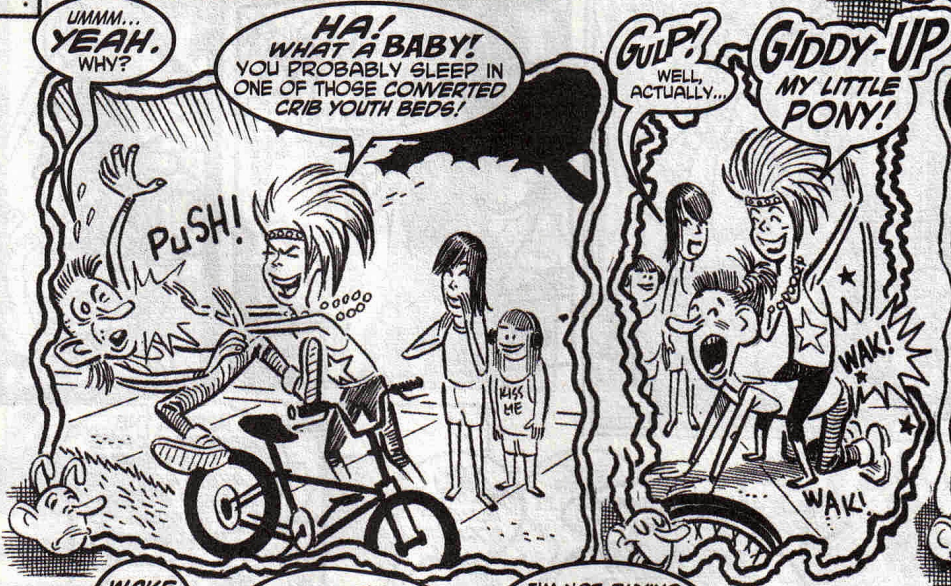
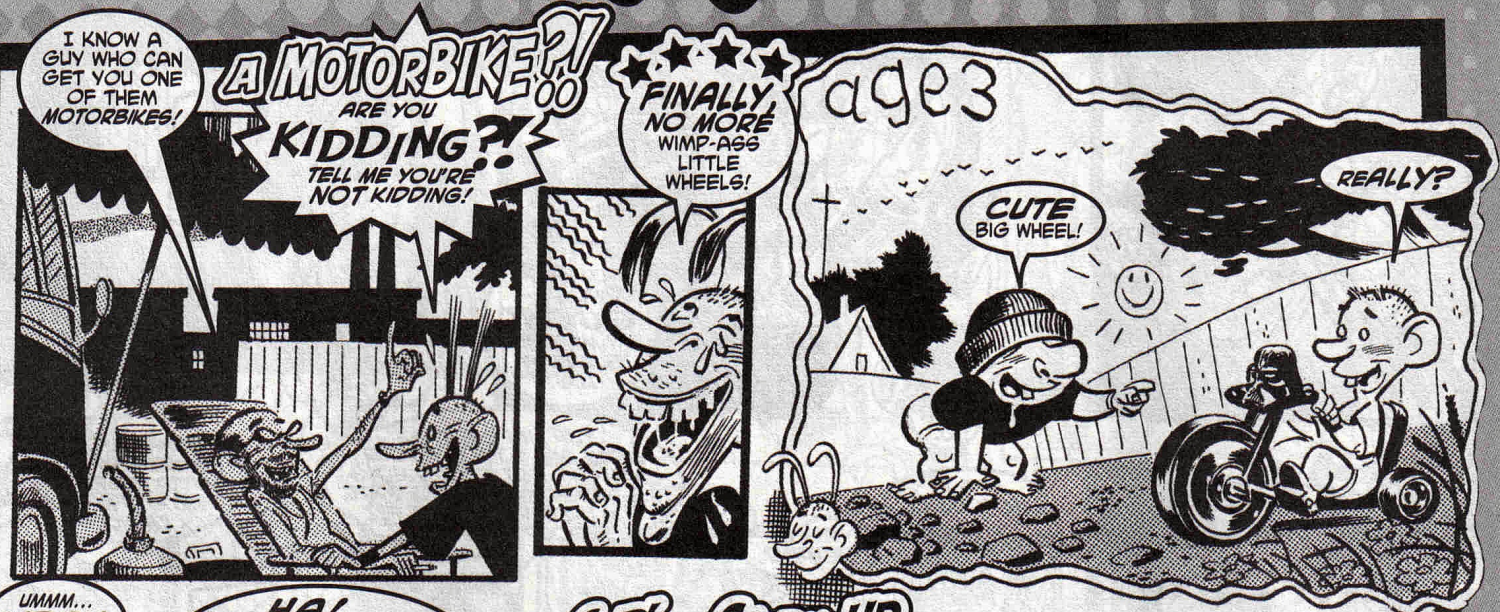
YOU DO? THEN, YEAH! I'M GOING FOR IT!





# MOTORBIKE

Ah, the freedom of riding down the open road with your hog rumbling between your legs! It's all a wild ride until you become road stew!





**DAMNIT!**

LOOK AT DYLAN!

I SHOULD HAVE A MOTORBIKE, TOO! LIKE MY HERO, MOTORCROSS SUPERSTAR SHAWN PALMER!

**ROAR!!**

HIT THE HOLE SHOT, FREAKY LITTLE DUDE.

MAN, WHAT A LOSER!

HEY, THIS DAYDREAM SUCKS!

YOU BET I WILL, I -- **OUCH!** MY MUFFLER BURN'T MY LEG!

**PINK!**

YUP, MY BUDDY'S LITTLE GIRL TOOK A HEADER ON IT, SO I GOT IT FOR A SONG. DIG AROUND THEM HANDLE-BARS, YOU MIGHT FIND ONE OF HER GOLD FILLINGS!

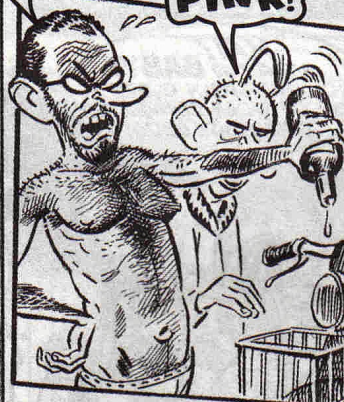
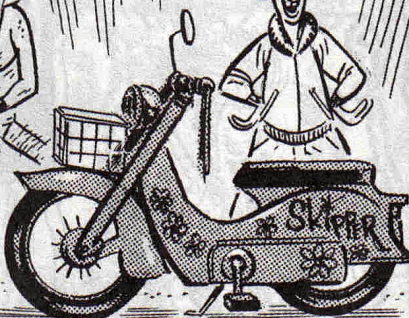
YEAH, I KNOW. I FIGURE A FATHER'S GOTTA RESPECT HIS KID'S LIFESTYLE CHOICES.

IT'S A MOTORBIKE.

IT'S A MOPED.

HERE YOU GO!

**WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?**



**REALLY?**

SO, DO YOU WANT A RIDE TO SCHOOL?

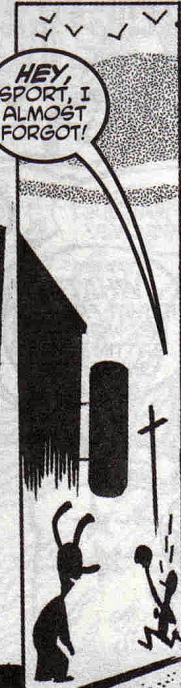
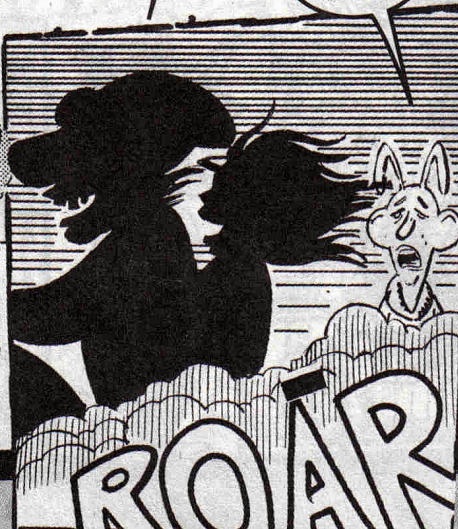
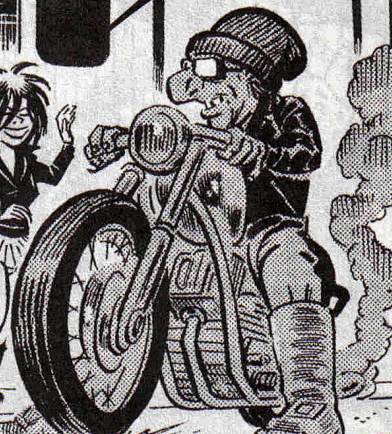
SORRY, I ONLY WRAP MY LEGS AROUND **REAL** MOTORCYCLES! HI, DYLAN!

NICE SCOOTER THERE, PINKY TUSCADERO!

THIS COULDN'T POSSIBLY BE WORSE.

HEY, SPORT, I ALMOST FORGOT!

HERE'S THE HELMET IT CAME WITH! DON'T MIND THE CAKED HAIR AND BLOOD STAINS! SEEYA!



PUFF PANT GASPS! WEEZE!

**ROAR**



**A** WEEK LATER...

YOU AGAIN?  
YOUR MOTHER IS  
COUNTLESS, DRACULA,  
YOU KNOW THAT, DON'T  
YOU? HERE'S HER DAMN  
BLOOD MONEY!

SO LISTEN,  
DAD, ABOUT MY  
BIRTHDAY...

YEAH,  
I KNOW WAS  
CONSIDERING  
GETTING YOU A  
MOTORBIKE. THEN  
I THOUGHT, I'LL  
GET YOU A  
PARROT!

A PARROT?

YUP. THEN I  
FIGURED HOW  
HARD IT WOULD  
BE TO CATCH, SO  
I GOT YOU THE  
MOTORBIKE!

YES!

WHAT  
DO YOU  
MEAN?

SEEEYA! I  
SIPHONED THE  
GAS OUTTA HER,  
SO YOU'LL HAVE  
TO PEDAL A  
WHILE.

HUFF PUFF  
HEY,  
JOLYNDA!

HEY! IS  
THAT YOUR  
LITTLE  
MOPED?

UM...  
WELL...  
YEAH.

PINK.  
CUTE.

**L**ATER...

NICE BIKE,  
BARBIE.  
CHECK IT OUT,  
IT'S SIGGY  
RIDER!

"SIGGY  
RIDER"?  
I'LL SHOW  
THEM!

OH MOM  
THUMP!  
RRRR RRRRRRRRR

WHAT A  
LOSER.



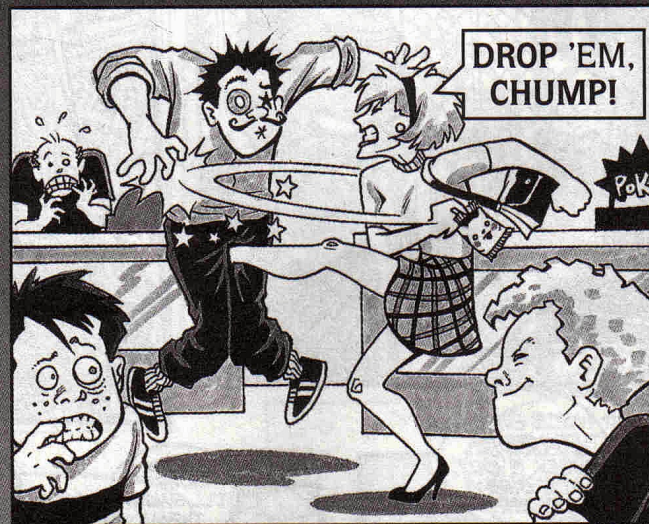
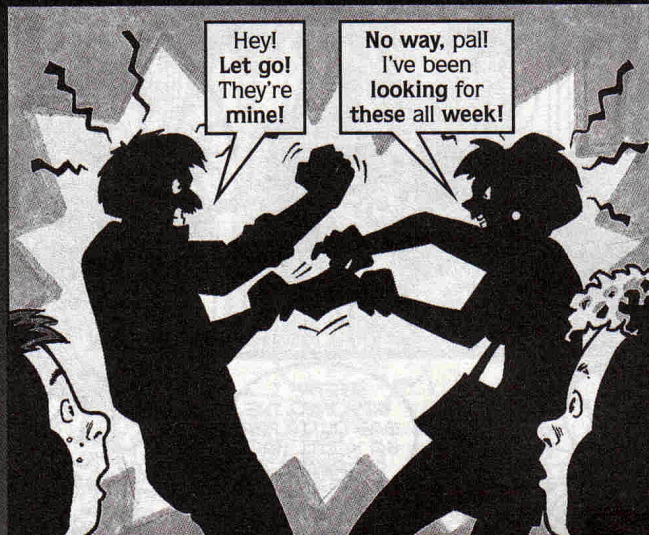


# THE MAD REPERTORY PLAYERS

This Issue's Production



## ACT I: Incident at the Toy Store

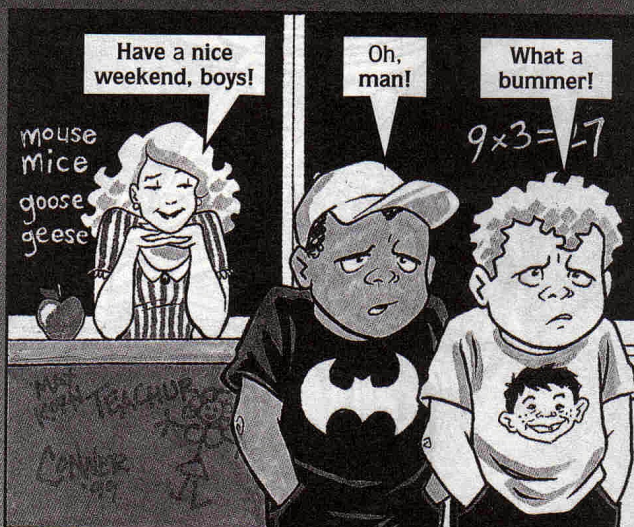
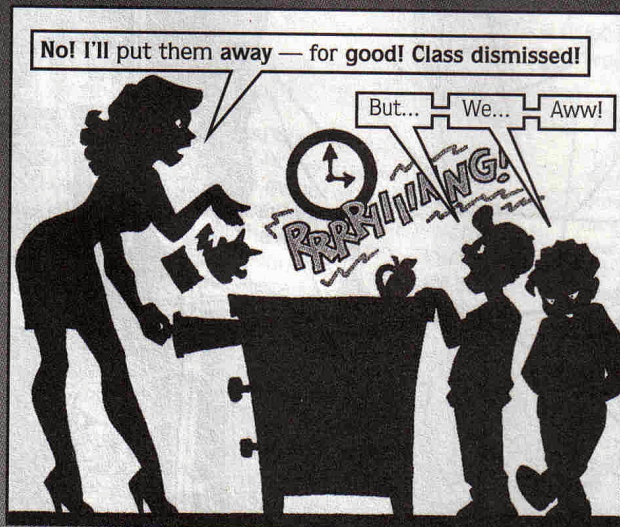
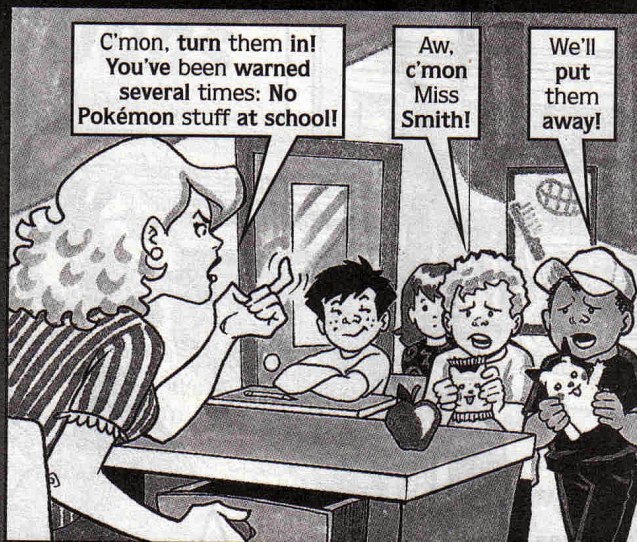




# PRESENT MAD-STERPIECE THEATER

## The Pokémon Playhouse

### ACT II: The Classroom Confiscation







## A MAN'S OHM IS HIS HASSLE DEPT.

What's more fun than buying a new home entertainment system? First, there's the unbridled joy of pathetically trying to save up enough dough to afford something other than two dixie cups attached to an AM radio. Then there's the absolute pleasure of poring over page after page of dull audiophile magazines trying to pick your dream set up! And nothing's better than haggling with a slimy electronics salesman who'd sell an exploding CD player to his own grandmother for the seven dollar commission! But finally, the deal is done, and you're home, ready to install your new system. All you have to do is follow the simple, easy-to-follow directions...

ARTISTS: TIMOTHY SHAMEY  
& DENNIS WUNDERLIN  
WRITER: DARREN JOHNSON





# Mr. Movie™ Surround Sound Home Theater System Operating Instructions

## Owner's Record

The model and serial numbers are located on the back of the unit. Record these numbers in the spaces below. When unit is stolen, use the additional spaces to record make and license number of thief's getaway car. Refer to these numbers when filing a police report.

Model No. \_\_\_\_\_

Car Make \_\_\_\_\_

Serial No. \_\_\_\_\_

License No. \_\_\_\_\_

This symbol indicates "dangerous voltage" within the product that presents a risk of electric shock and personal injury.



This symbol indicates "overpriced accessories" which are not included with the product that present a risk of outraged shock and personal debt.



This symbol indicates "consumer reaction" to overpriced accessories.



## Outline

CONGRATULATIONS! You are the owner of a Mr. Movie™ Surround Sound Home Theater System. If you expected to be the owner of a Suckmeister 2000 Vacuum Cleaner, please contact your appliance store because they have obviously made a terrible error. (Seek professional legal counsel to see if you qualify for our limited exchange policy.) Setting up your new home theater system is simple if you pay \$300 to hire an authorized Mr. Movie™ installation technician. Otherwise you'll spend weeks deciphering these poorly drawn diagrams and needlessly complex instructions.

Mr. Movie™ is a combination audio/video control center. It works as three separate components – receiver, tuner and surround sound decoder – yet costs as much as five separate components selling for thousands less! The unit incorporates two types of surround sound effects:

**DOLBY SURROUND** expands sound and creates special effects, including annoying conversations, loud-snack-munching and screaming toddlers – just like you hear at a real movie theater.

**HALL SURROUND** simulates the same headache-inducing echo and eardrum-damaging reverberation that are produced in concrete sports arenas doubling as concert halls.

## Precautions

### 1. Power-Cord Protection

A short power-supply cord is provided to reduce the risk of hanging one's self over frustration with these complicated step-by-step instructions.



### 3. Water and Moisture

Do not use this unit near water, for example, in a flooded basement, shark tank, carnival dunking booth, or while going through a car wash without a car.



### 5. Handy Tip

Do not throw away the carton and packing materials. They will be useful when transporting the system for inevitable and frequent repair work.



### 2. Ventilation

Slots and openings in the unit housing are provided for ventilation and should never be blocked. They have also been specially engineered to allow dust and small objects to fall inside and cause permanent damage, requiring the purchase of a new unit.



### 4. Servicing

DO NOT REMOVE OUTER PANEL FROM UNIT! Only a service person should be allowed to see the industry-leading shoddy workmanship of Mr. Movie's internal parts.



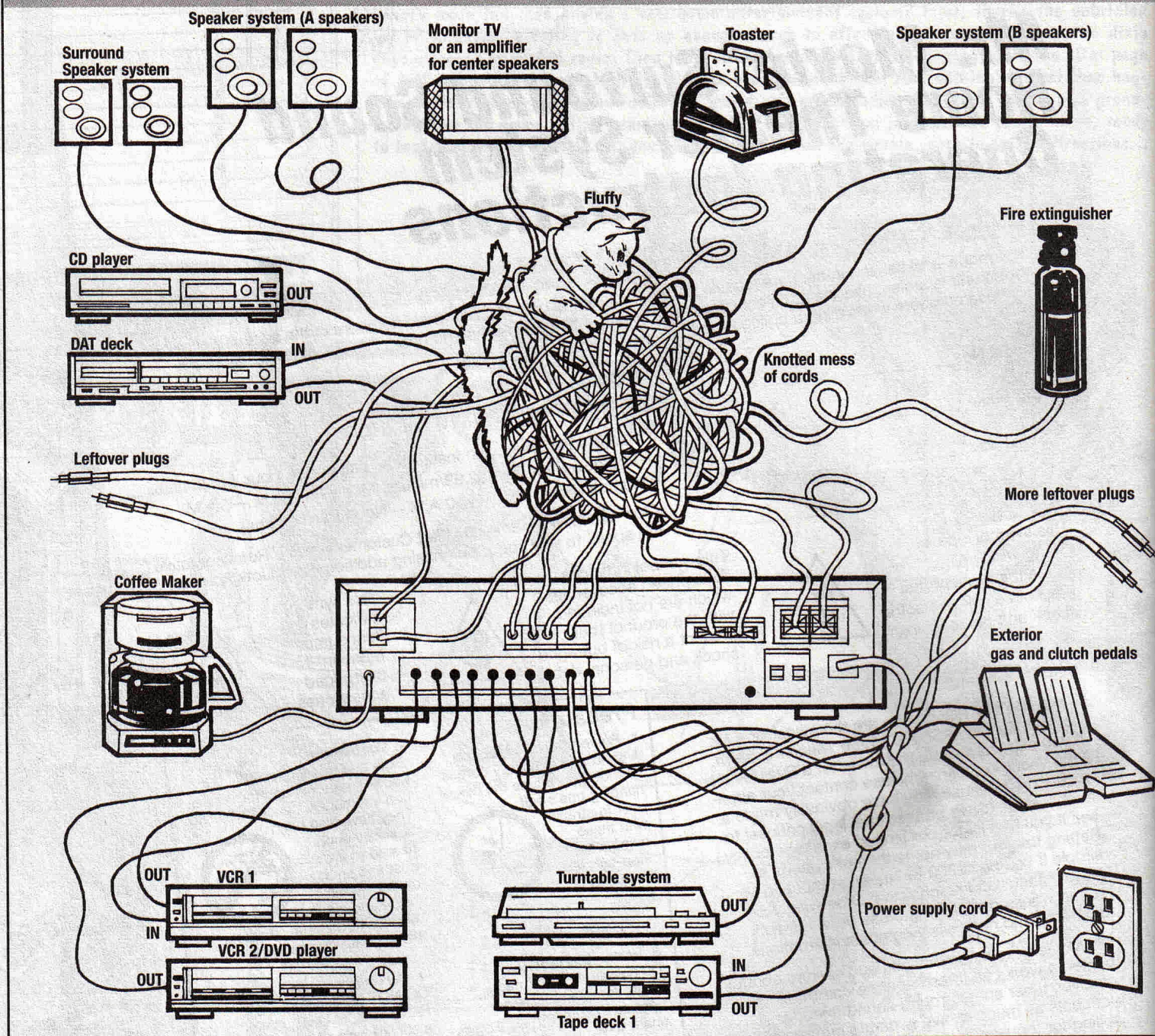
### 6. Child Alert

Do not allow children to use this unit or you will be stuck watching Disney videos over and over and over.





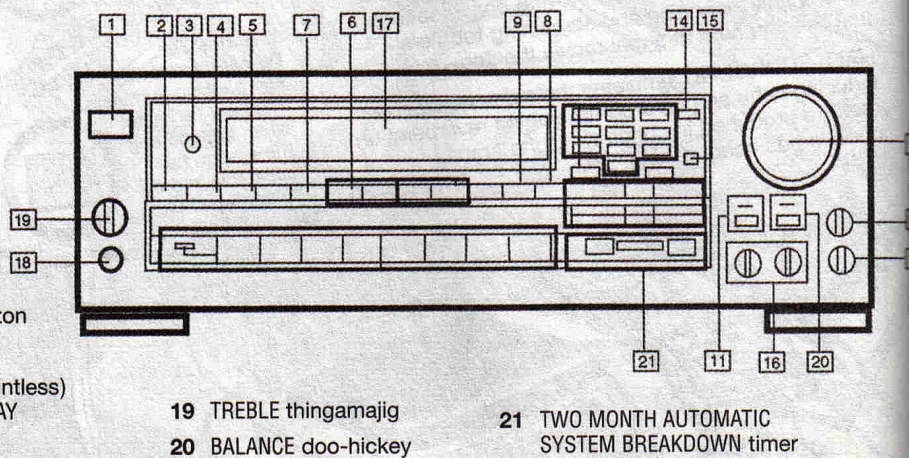
## Connecting Audio Equipment To Mr. Movie™ Surround Sound Home Theater System



## Mr. Movie™ Parts Identification

- 1 POWER switch
- 2 AUTOMATIC TAPE JAM button
- 3 PASSENGER SEAT EJECT button (optional)
- 4 SURROUND MODE selector (Dolby, Hall)
- 5 LAUNDRY MODE selector (Wash, Rinse, Spin)
- 6 ENHANCED BASS FEEDBACK indicator
- 7 VEEBLEFETZER
- 8 AIR BAG ON/OFF switch
- 9 PANIC button

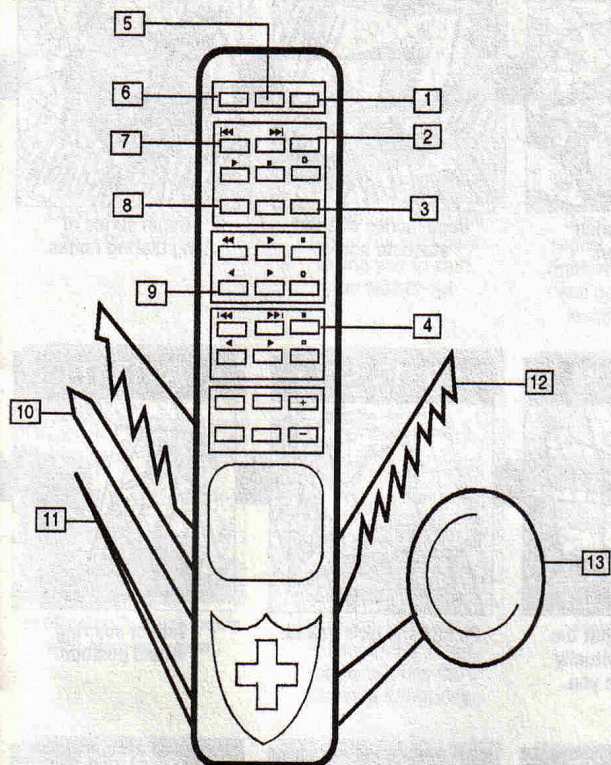
- 10 RADIO STATION TUNIFICATION knob
- 11 BUTTON THAT DOESN'T SEEM TO DO ANYTHING
- 12 OIL PAN drain plug
- 13 VOLUMIDIFIER knob
- 14 SPEAKER HUM ACCELERATOR switch
- 15 SELF-DESTRUCT button
- 16 CIGARETTE LIGHTER
- 17 COOL-LOOKING (yet pointless) FLASHING LIGHT DISPLAY
- 18 HEADPHONE JACK



- 19 TREBLE thingamajig
- 20 BALANCE doo-hickey

- 21 TWO MONTH AUTOMATIC SYSTEM BREAKDOWN timer

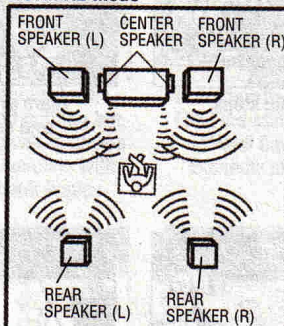




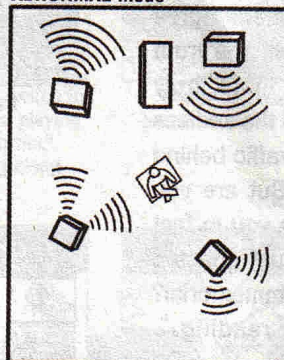
- 1 POWER ON/OFF switch
- 2 PHASER STUN/KILL button
- 3 VOLUME +/- buttons
- 4 VOLUME ÷/ x buttons
- 5 BEARD/MUSTACHE TRIMMER
- 6 SOUND MUTE button
- 7 DEAF MUTE button
- 8 GARAGE DOOR opener
- 9 FISH scaler
- 10 PHILLIPS HEAD screwdriver
- 11 TOOTHPICK
- 12 THREE-INCH WOOD/BONE saw
- 13 MELON baller

## Obtaining the Surround Effect — Placement of Speakers

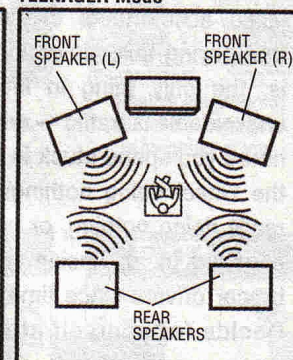
### NORMAL Mode



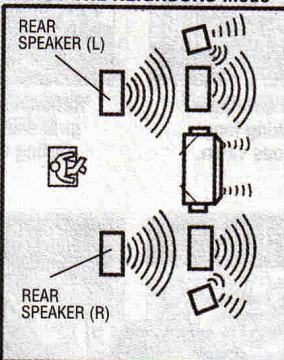
### ABNORMAL Mode



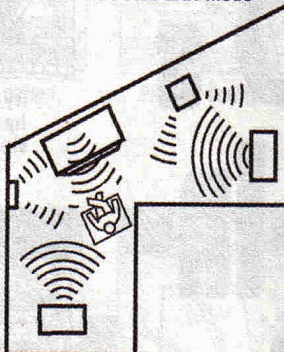
### TEENAGER Mode



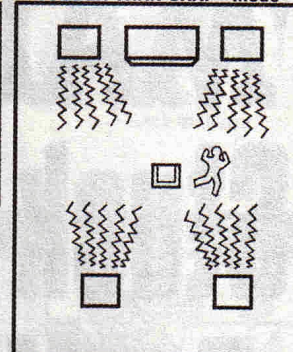
### ANNOY THE NEIGHBORS Mode



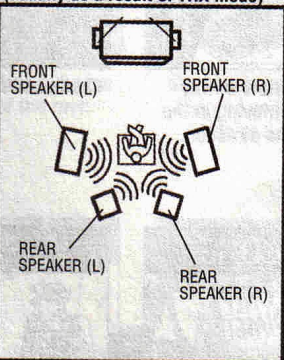
### CRAPPY SOUND DUE TO LOUSY FLOOR PLAN Mode



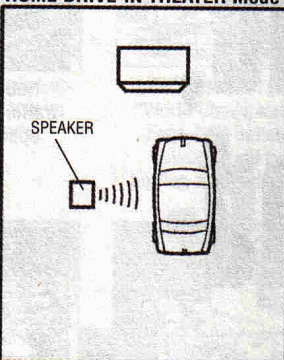
### LUCASFILM THX "LOUDER THAN CRAP" Mode



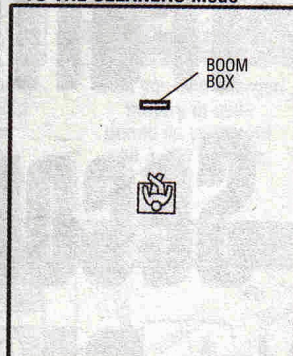
### HEARING-IMPAIRED Mode (usually as a result of THX mode)



### HOME DRIVE-IN THEATER Mode



### MY DAMN EX TOOK ME TO THE CLEANERS Mode



## Mr. Movie™ Troubleshooting Guide

PROBLEM	CAUSE	SOLUTION
Unit will not turn on	Unit is not connected to power-source	Plug unit in, moron!
Channel and volume change sporadically during program	Remote Control is under your ass	Remove Remote Control from under your ass
The bass sound lacks "punch" and the treble is "tinny"	Your speakers suck	Buy an expensive pair of our Mr. Movie Surround Sound™ Sound Speakers
There is an abrupt power loss	Failure to pay your sky-rocketing electric bill	Purchase a Mr. Movie Power Pal™ Gas-Powered Generator
Irritating hum is heard	You are mindlessly humming	Shut the hell up
Minimum payment on credit card is higher than rent	Suckered by obnoxious audio salesperson looking for a fat commission	Hock system, file for bankruptcy





They say you can't avoid death and taxes. But it's not true! Death can be easily avoided by living forever. And jailed accountants everywhere agree that paying taxes is optional! The truth is, the only thing in life that's truly unavoidable is traffic — and the endless hours you spend stuck in traffic behind the wheel doing nothing! But are you really doing nothing, or are you in fact engaged in an ancient ritual enacted by car drivers since time immemorial? Decide for yourself after reading...

# MAD's Stuck-In-Traffic, Second-By-Second Timetable

ARTIST: BOB STAAKE

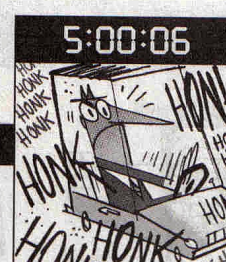
WRITER: DAVE CROATTO



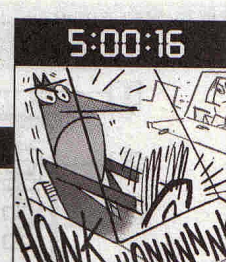
Traffic stops.



Glare at watch and scowl.



Begin series of short staccato honks.



Begin series of long blaring honks.



Try to save face by faking long, vigorous yawn.



Rationalize that the girls were actually flirting with you.



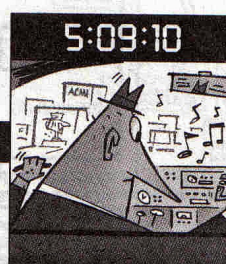
Picture the girls naked.



Adjust steering wheel position.



Notice how swiftly traffic is moving in the opposite direction.



Check settings on radio.



Reprogram knobs to same stations just to keep them "fresh."



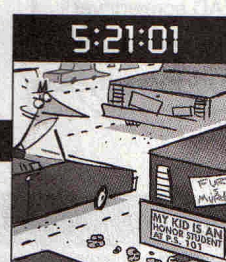
Look in glove compartment for something interesting or entertaining.



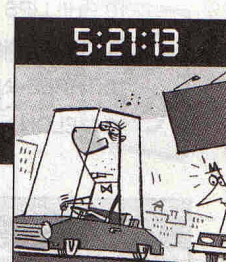
Consider switching to Sprint.



Picture Candice Bergen naked.



Stare at bumper stickers. Realize you don't give a rat's ass that someone's kid is an honor student.



Wonder why anyone would want a bumper sticker bragging about graduating from "Mugswanna University."



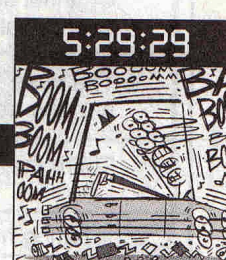
Wonder if finger will fit into opening.



Suck on scorched finger.



Fool around with radio. Find out what songs sound like with bass setting turned all the way up.

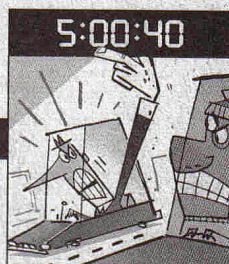


Lock and unlock doors in time to music.

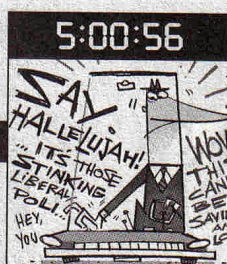




Lean heavily on horn with both elbows.



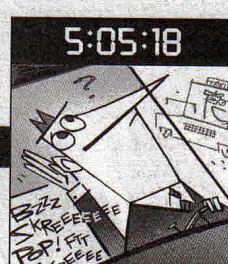
Give the finger to the guy in the next lane telling you to shut the %\$#@ up!



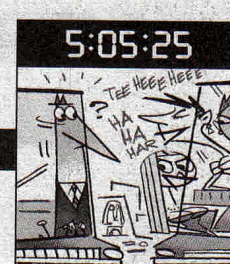
Scan radio for traffic report. Find nothing but right-wing call-in shows and commercials with insipid bank jingles.



In desperation, switch to FM. Find station playing "Hotel California." Excitedly sing along.



Notice odd background noise in song.



Realize neighboring car of teenage girls is laughing at you.



Inadvertently crush 'nads with steering wheel.



Clutch steering wheel and pretend to be piloting the Starship Enterprise.



Picture Counselor Troi naked.



Picture Uhura naked.



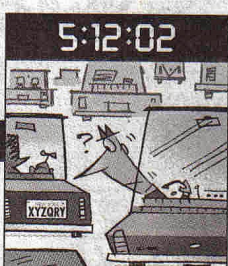
Picture Scotty naked.



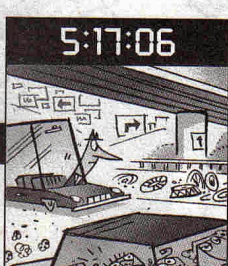
Frantically go back to Uhura.



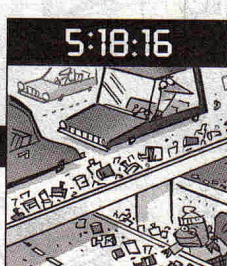
Decide that a map of Ohio, broken sunglasses and some mustard packets don't qualify as interesting or entertaining.



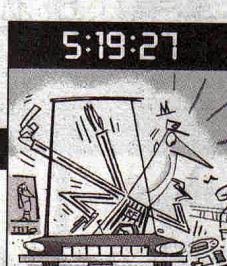
Play pitiful game of one-man license plate bingo.



Start counting hubcaps on side of the road.



Start counting beer bottles and soda cans on side of the road.



Officiate first ever "World Championship Face-Off" between hubcaps and beer bottles and soda cans.



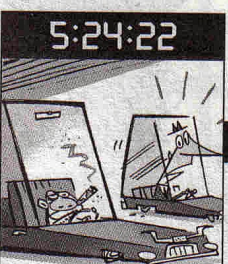
Wish you had charged battery in cell-phone so you could call a 900 number.



Contemplate the steamy story behind the "HOT-MAMMA" vanity plate on the car directly in front of you.



Picture "HOT-MAMMA" naked.



Notice with great disappointment that "HOT-MAMMA" is a balding, middle-aged man.



Adjust mirror between night/day settings repeatedly.



Fight shamefully strong urge to ask neighboring cars for Grey Poupon.



Play with cigarette lighter.



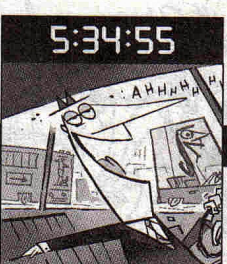
Burn out power locks.



Think about what a moron you are.



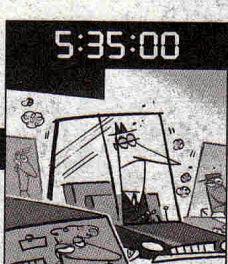
Traffic begins to move.



Heave huge sigh of relief.



Traffic stops.



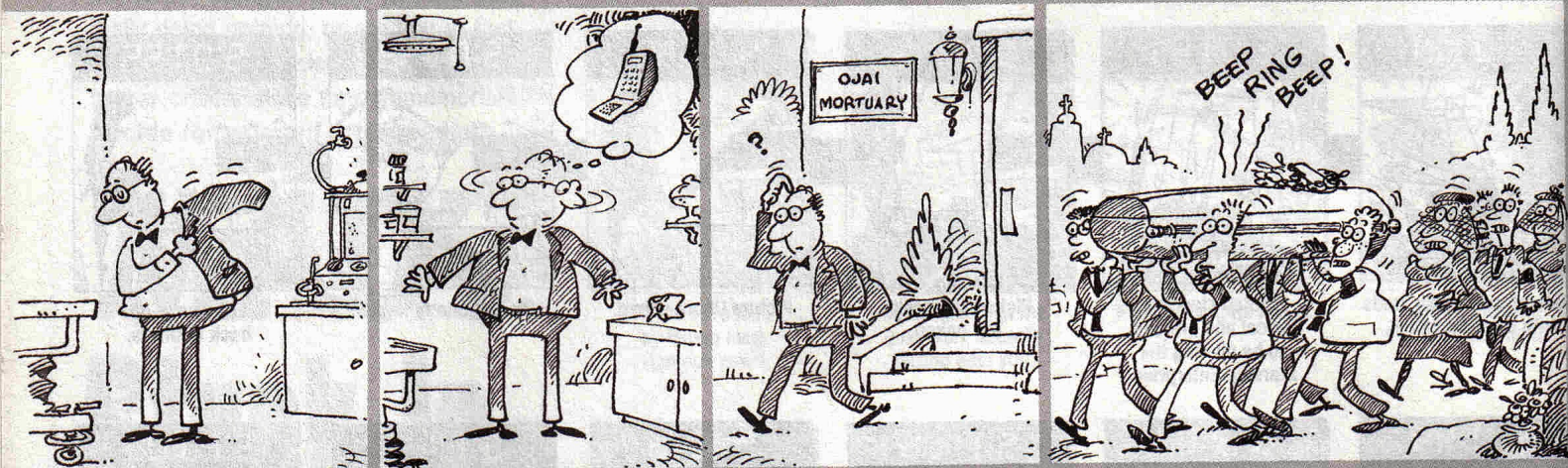
Begin entire process all over again.







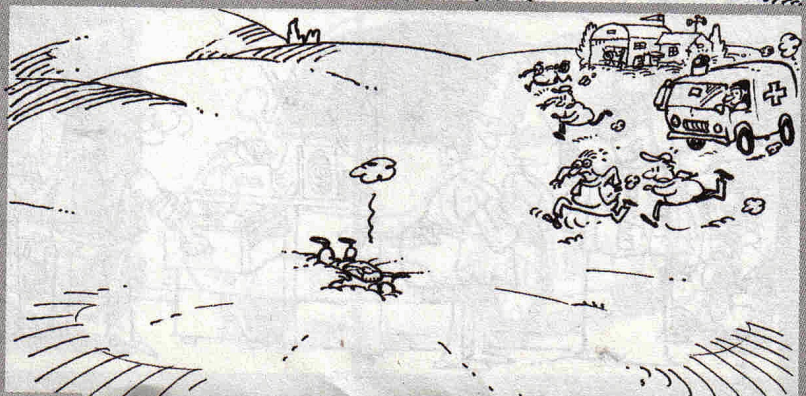
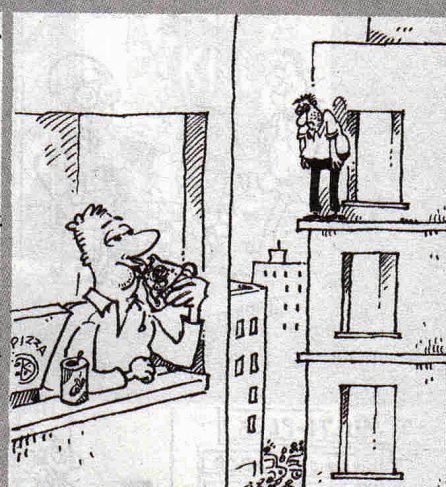
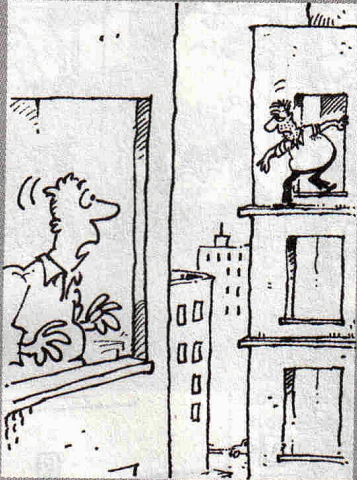
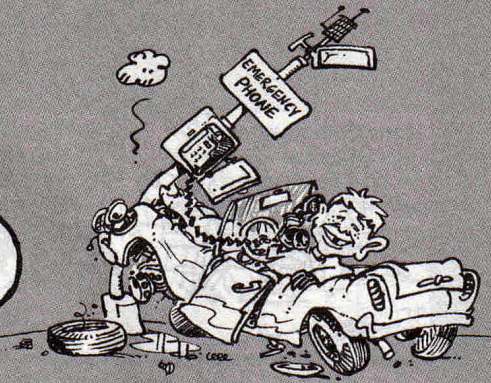
# MAD LOOK



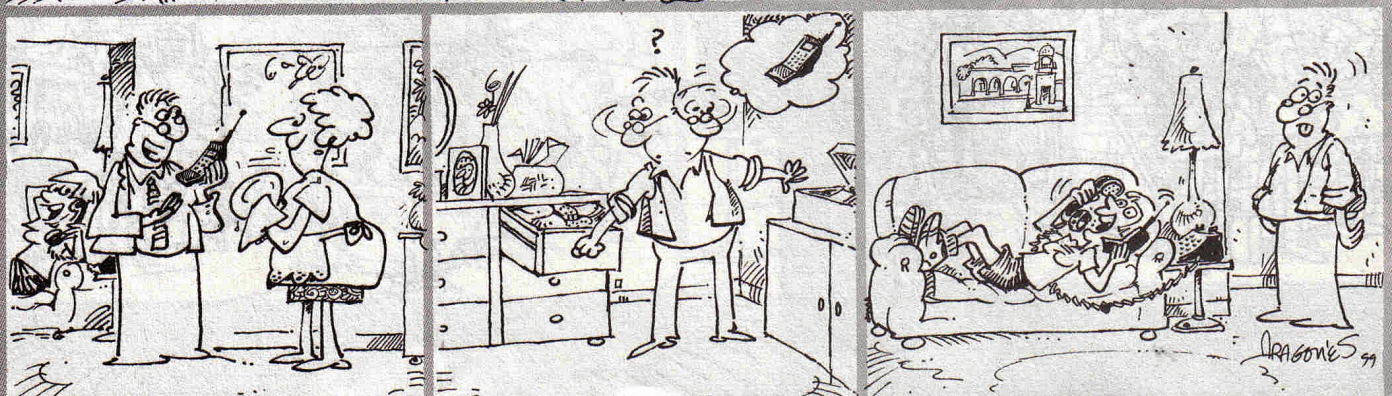
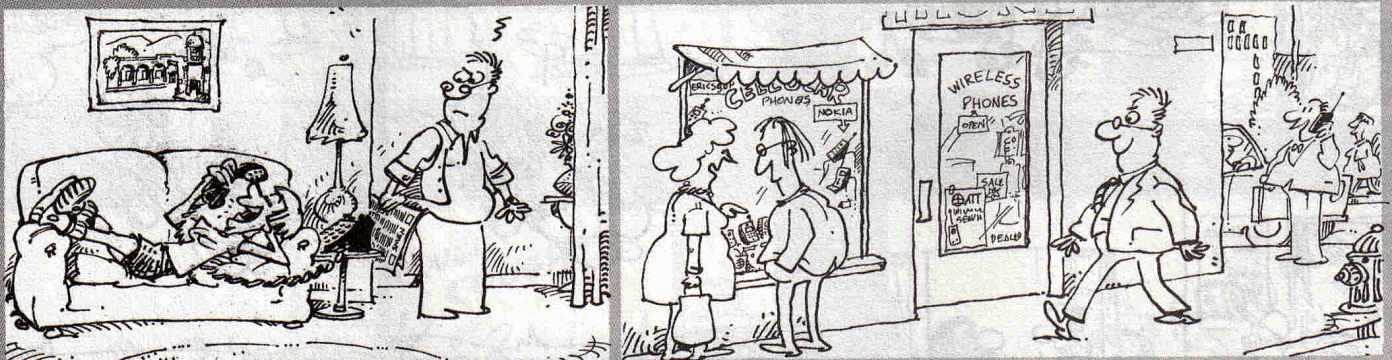
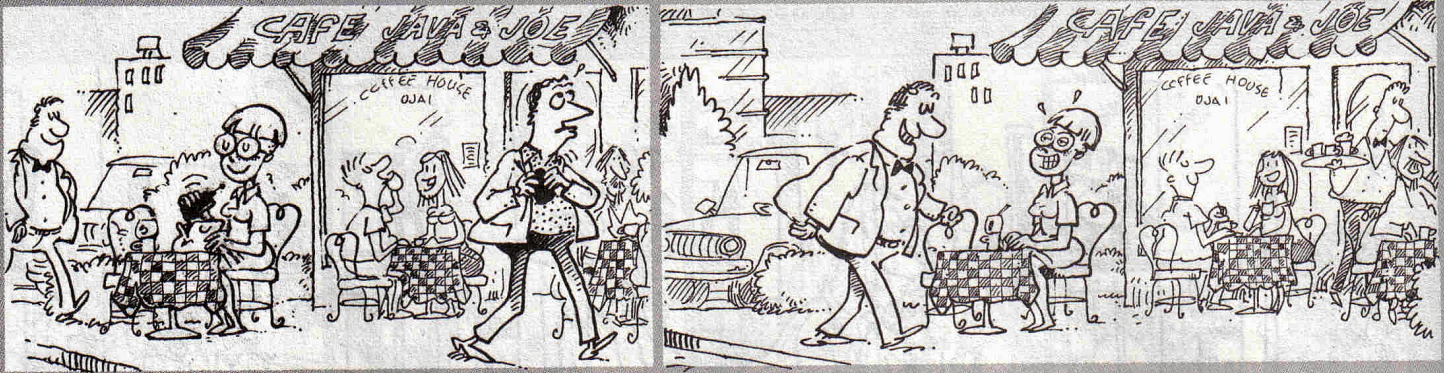
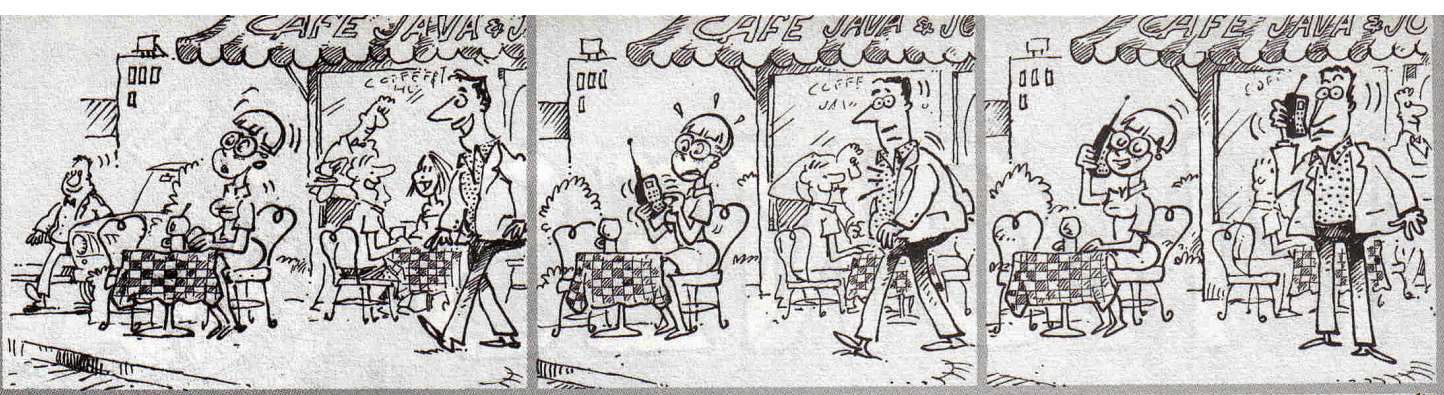


# PHONES

ARTIST AND WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES











BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

# THE LIGHTER SIDE

NO SMOKING



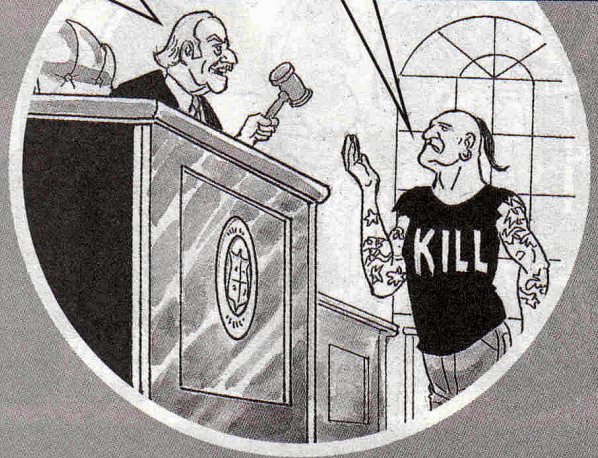
## APPRECIATION

ARTIST AND WRITER: DAVE BERG

## JUSTICE

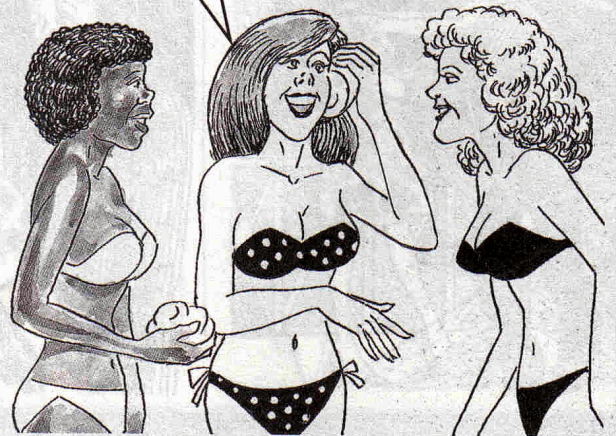
In view of the **magnitude** of your **villainous deeds**, I sentence you to **50 years** in the **state penitentiary**!

That's a **tough sentence**, Your Honor! Considering how things are **today**, I won't be **free** on **parole** for about **two years**!



Look at that, Brenda! I knew **taking** the **kids** away to a **new environment** would be **good** for them! Isn't that **something**? They're listening to **sea shells**!

Wow! You're right! It **DOES** sound like the **mall**!

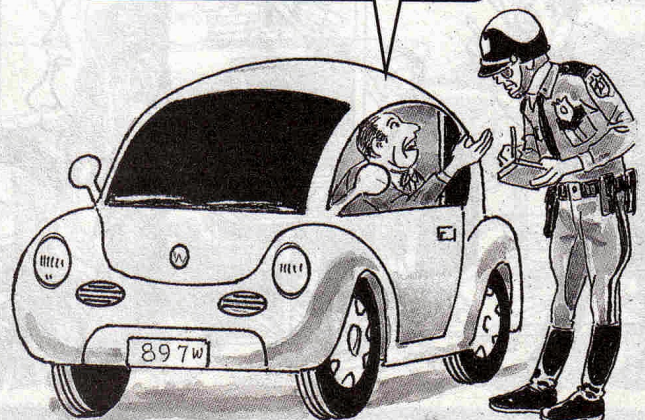
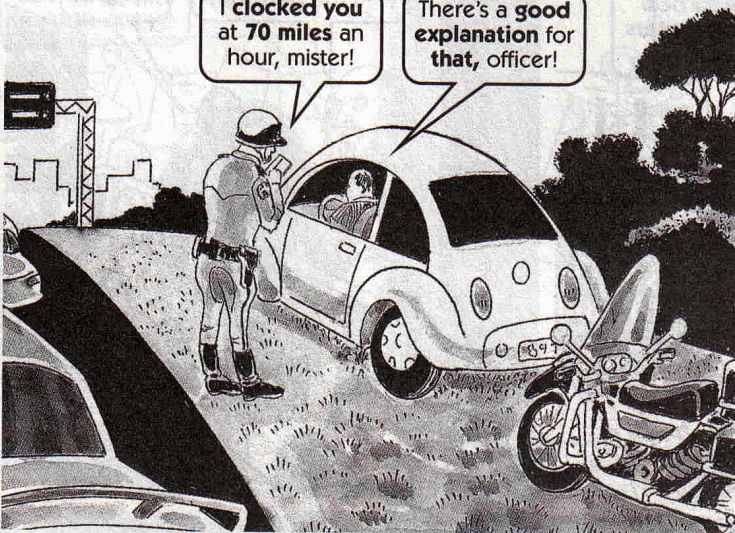


## DRIVING

I **clocked** you at **70 miles** an hour, mister!

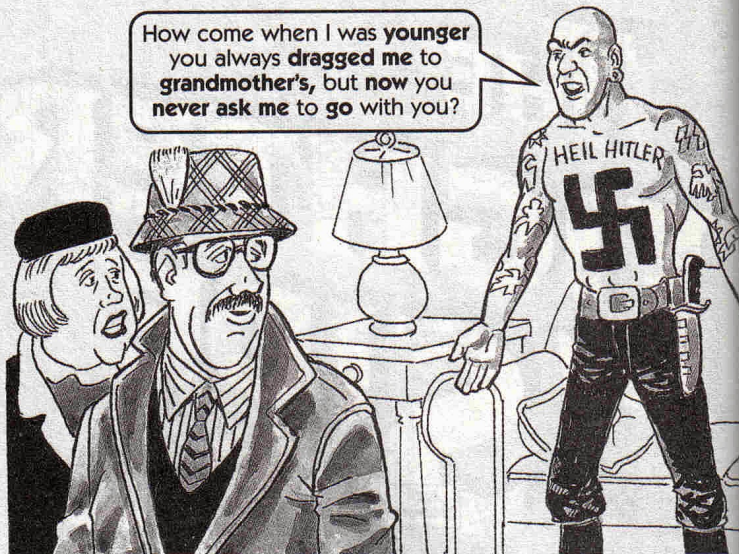
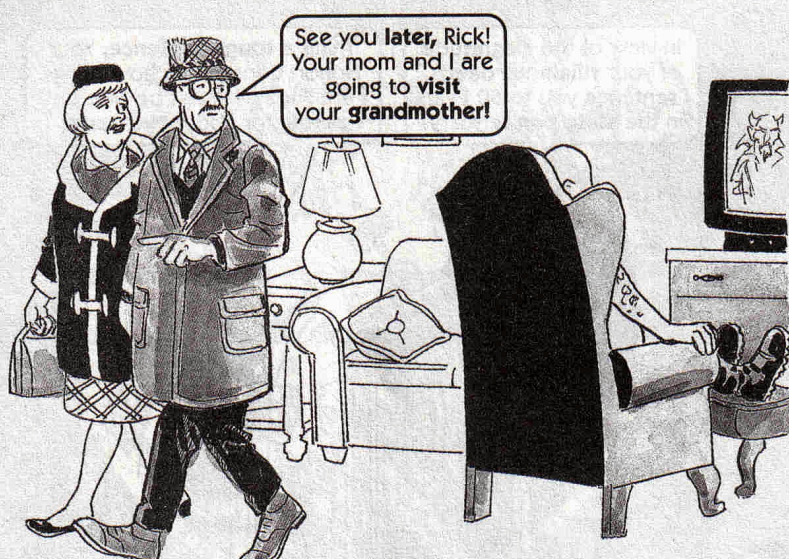
There's a **good explanation** for that, officer!

I left my **glasses** at **home**! I'm nearly **blind** without them! If I can barely see the **road**, how am I supposed to **read** the **speedometer**?

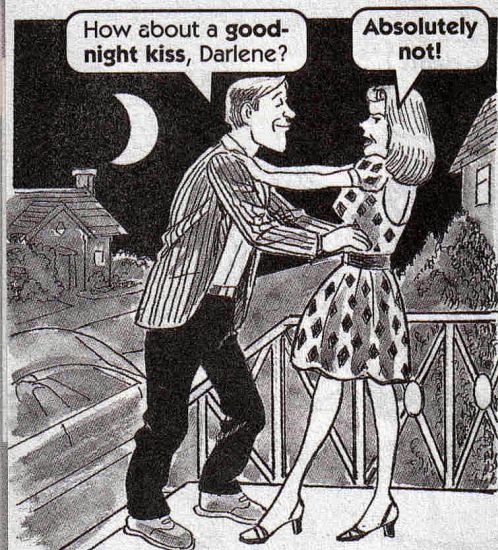




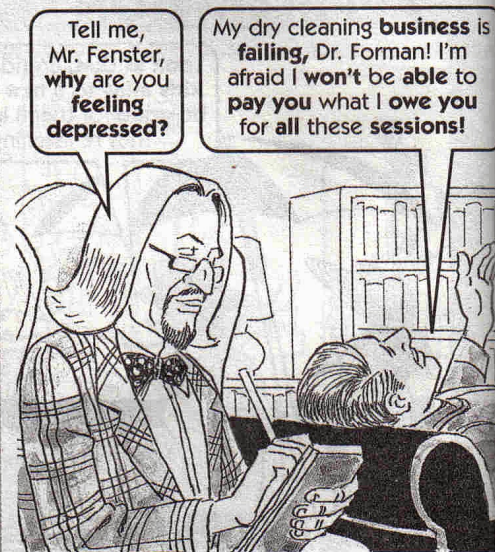
## AWARENESS



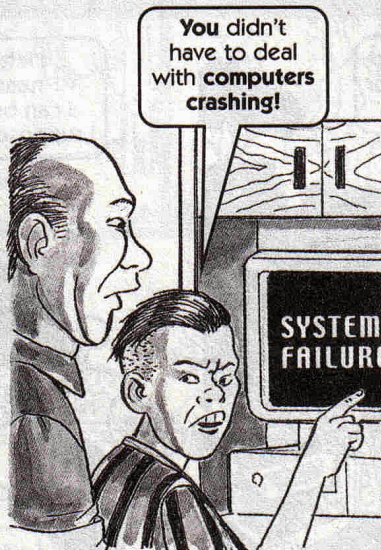
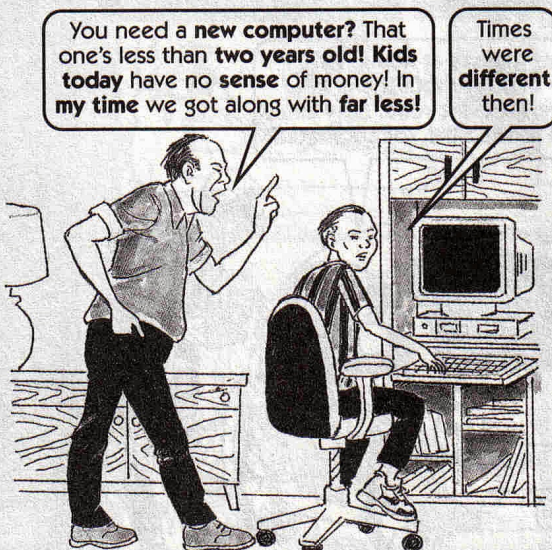
## RELATIONSHIPS



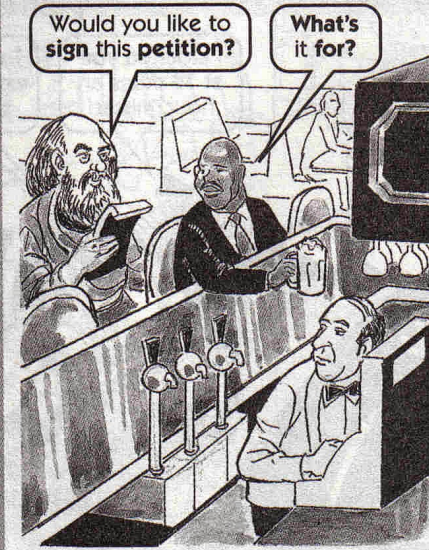
## THERAPY



## THE COST OF LIVING

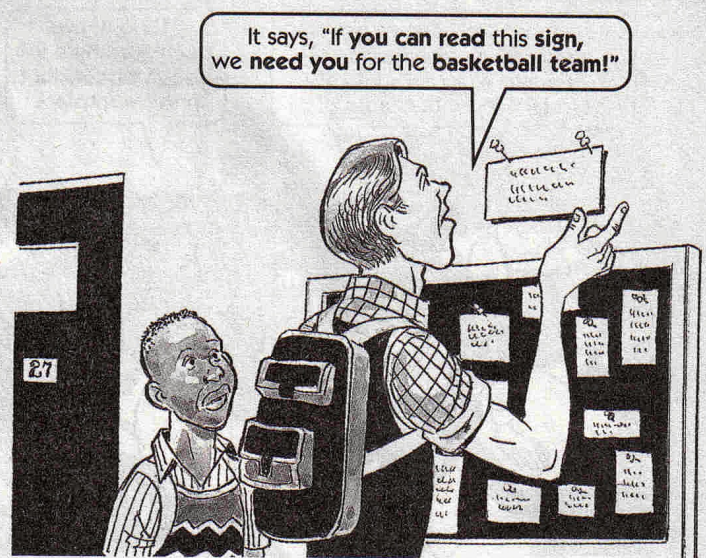
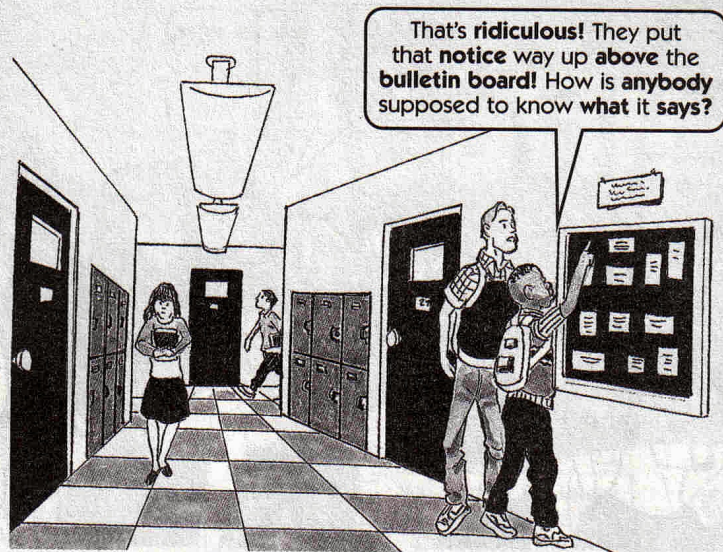


## ACTIVISTS

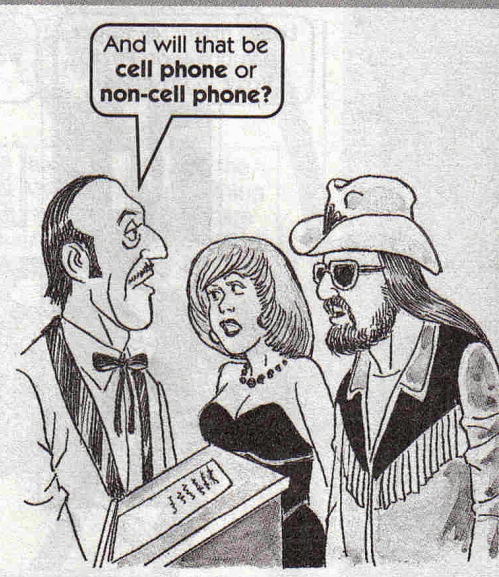
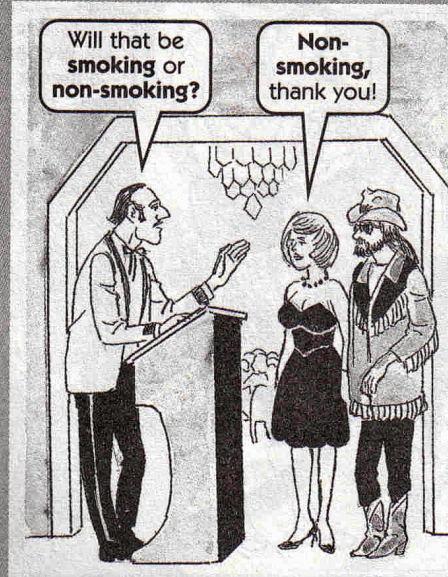




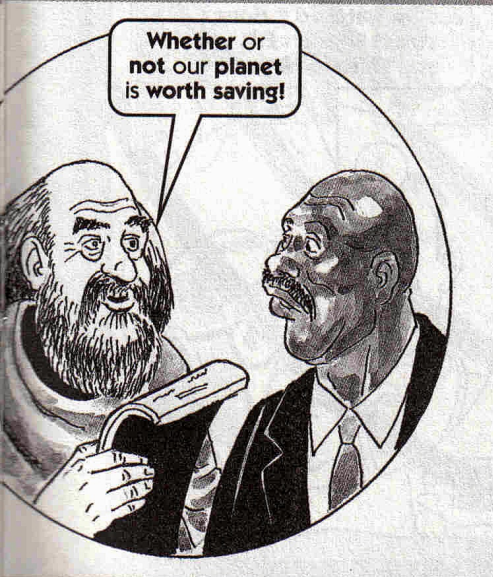
## HEIGHT



## MODERN DINING

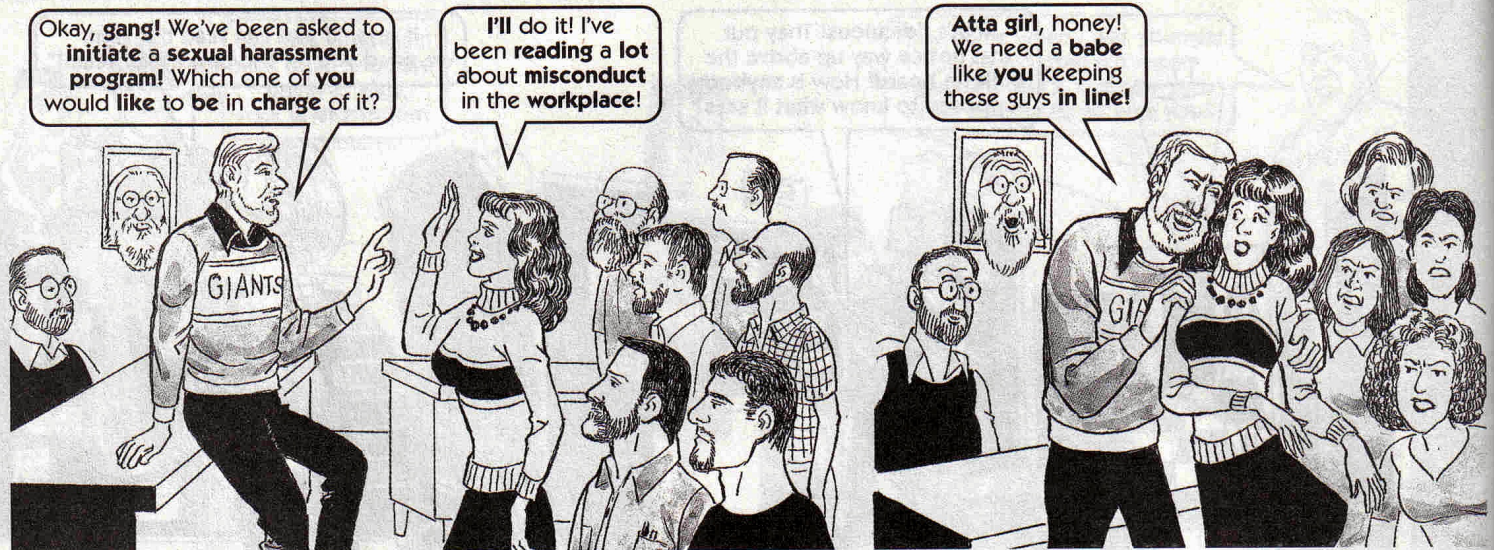


## TELEVISION

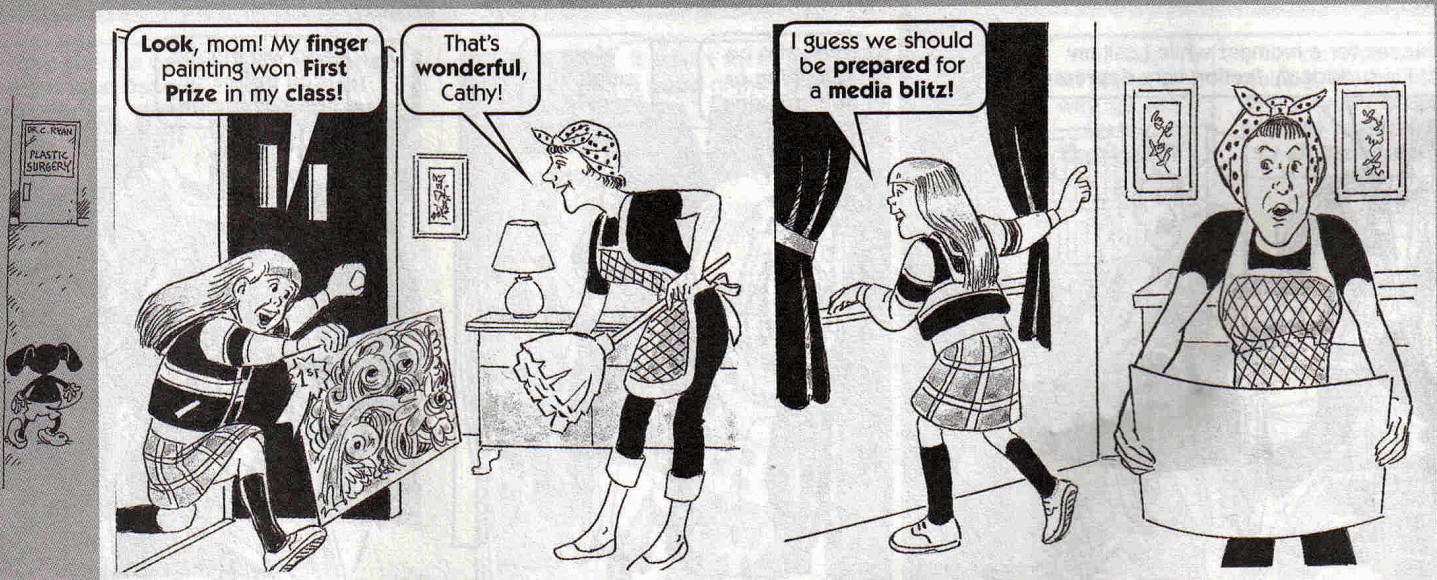




## THE OFFICE



## ACHIEVEMENT



## DOCTORS





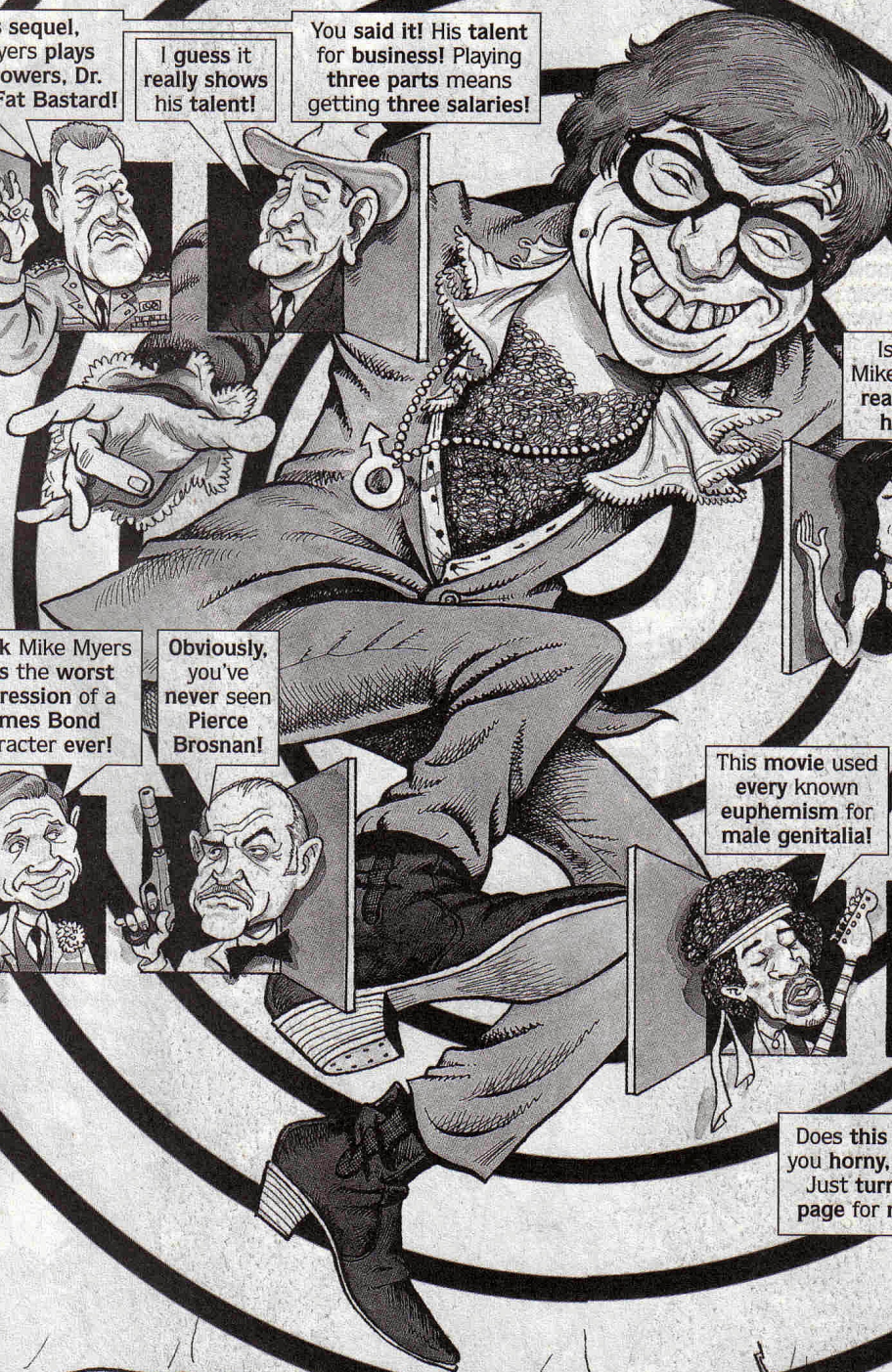


# AUSTIN POWERS THE SPY WHO SHAGGED ME

In this sequel, Mike Myers plays Austin Powers, Dr. Evil AND Fat Bastard!

I guess it really shows his talent!

You said it! His talent for business! Playing three parts means getting three salaries!



Is that Mike Myers' real chest hair?!

No, but the amazing thing is, those are his real teeth!



I think Mike Myers does the worst impression of a James Bond character ever!

Obviously, you've never seen Pierce Brosnan!



This movie used every known euphemism for male genitalia!

All but one! "Adam Sandler"!



Does this make you horny, baby? Just turn the page for more!





I'm concerned about this part of the script, Mike! Do you realize there are four scatological jokes in three minutes?

Oh, that's an old draft of the script! I've already taken care of that! The revised version has SIX scatological jokes in three minutes!

**Mike,  
you  
are  
a  
comedy  
genius!**

**Elizabeth Hurley** was in the original *Austin Powers*, so how come Mike Myers hired Heather Graham for the sequel?!

**If you were married and had the chance to romp around naked with someone new and call it "business," wouldn't you?!**

**All through this movie they talk about shagging! What exactly IS shagging?!**

**How  
the  
shag  
should  
know?!**

Hey! We're shooting a movie here! Shut the shag up!

**Shag  
you,  
you  
shaggin'  
moron!**

**I think Rob Lowe does an incredible impression of a young Robert Wagner!**

**I agree! But the guy playing the old Robert Wagner sucks!**

I think **Dr. Evil** and **Mini-Me** is the **oddest pairing** I've ever seen!

**Wait till you see  
the scene with  
Burt Bachrach and  
Elvis Costello!**



I have to get in bed with that thing and make love to it!

My God, how do you prepare for something like that?!

I pretend I have to choose between making love to him or a couple of lawyers!

Jerry Springer must have rehearsed a lot to make this fake fight scene look so realistic!

Actually, he didn't rehearse at all! He's staged so many fake fights for his TV show, faking one for the big screen is no problem!

Do you have the precise order of how you want these scenes to run?!

On this film it doesn't matter! Just splice strips of film together and stop when you hit 90 minutes!

This prop really does work!

Check the instruction book again! And pay close attention to the picture of what part of the anatomy it's used for!

PROPS  
(AND  
MERCHANDISING  
TIE-INS)

I'm sorry, but I don't know who you are! Now please get off the lot!

Mike Myers must get a lot of strangers pestering him!

He does! Unfortunately, that man was Dana Carvey!

I'M WORTHY!

WAYNE'S WORLD III







# MAD's CELEBRITY CAUSE-OF-DEATH BETTING ODDS

Our team of crack oddsmakers gives you the latest Vegas line on how one of today's biggest stars will spend his last *tonight* on earth!

THIS MONTH'S FUTURE LATE LATE NIGHT TALK SHOW HOST TO BE:



## JAY LENO

### CAUSE OF DEATH

### ODDS

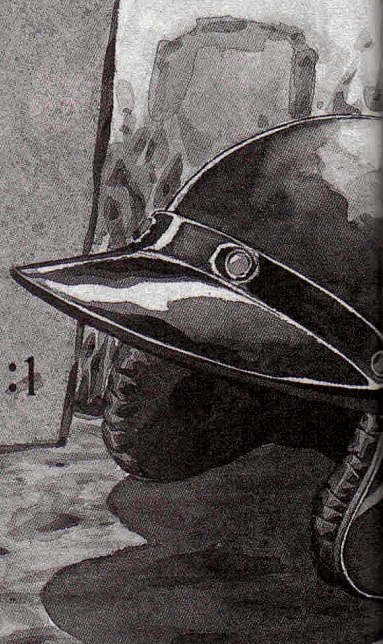
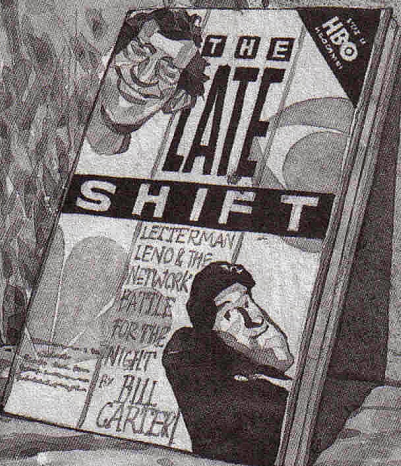
Ruptures spleen laughing hysterically at own jokes 2:1

Terminal brown nose from constant celebrity ass-kissing 5:1

Impaled by his own jaw during WCW Piledriver 20:1

Finally cornered by knife-wielding O.J. still pissed over all the jokes 50:1

Overzealous back slap from Johnny Carson for doing such a great job replacing him 7,875,309:1





**WHAT ONGOING  
DANGER IN  
AMERICA  
THREATENS OUR  
STUDENTS'  
FUTURES?**

# HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

Being a student has never been easy. Outside influences and pressures can cause all sorts of problems. But there is one particular danger that can scar them for the rest of their lives. To find out what this horrible threat is, fold page in as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

**A**

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

**B**

FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



**UNQUESTIONABLY, SCHOOLS CAN BE SCARY. LOTS OF LAME ALI-  
BIS ARE GIVEN BY OFFICIALS. PARENTS WHO, TERRIFIED  
TERRIBLE THINGS WILL HAPPEN, GET LABELED AS BELLYACHERS  
WHEN THEY COMPLAIN AND DEMAND MORE SECURITY**

**A**

ARTIST AND WRITER: AL JAFFE

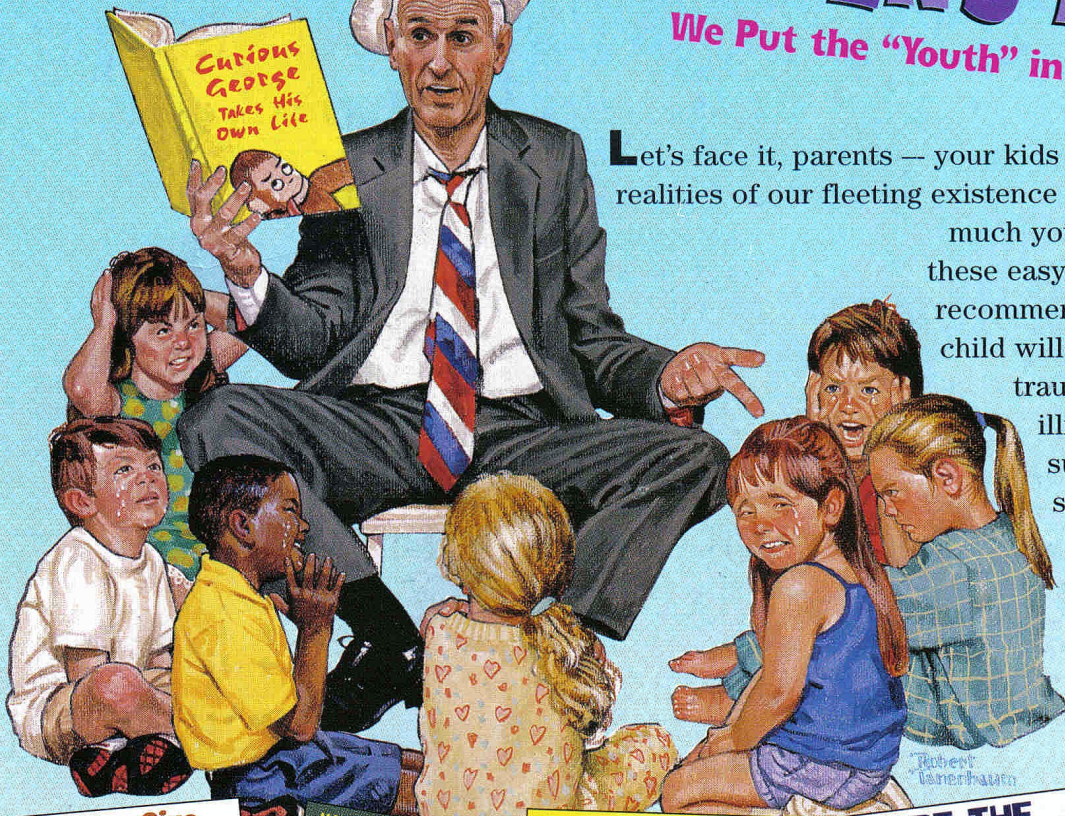
**B**



"George was very curious...  
The little white capsules smelled funny...  
different...like sour apples.  
Suddenly, his head began to turn!  
Then, he felt as if he were flying!  
Then everything went dark,  
and George was at peace."

# DR. KEVORKIAN'S CHILDREN'S BOOK CLUB

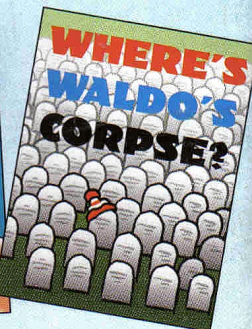
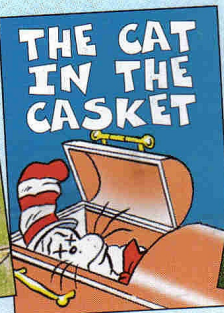
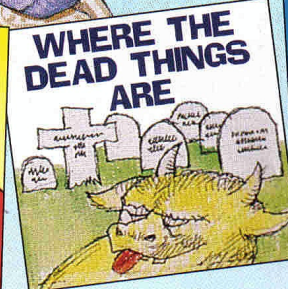
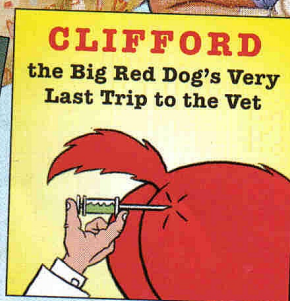
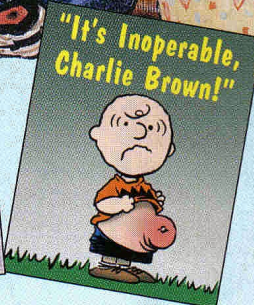
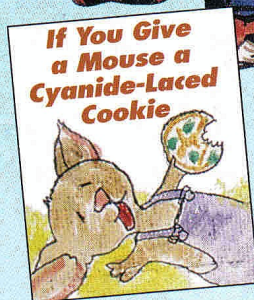
We Put the "Youth" in "Euthanasia"!



Let's face it, parents — your kids are going to learn about the harsh realities of our fleeting existence sooner or later, no matter how much you try to protect them. But with these easy-to-read books personally recommended by "Dr. Death" himself, your child will learn all about severely traumatizing subjects like terminal illness, prolonged bed-ridden suffering and doctor-assisted suicide in a fun, lighthearted way!

## JOIN TODAY!

Because after all,  
childhood can't last forever.



## Order now, and TAKE 5 BOOKS FOR ONLY \$1!

Choose any of the following titles from Dr. K's personal library:

- |   |   |   |  |   |
|---|---|---|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Goodnight Forever, Moon                          | <input type="checkbox"/> 101 Dalmations Are Put to Sleep  | <input type="checkbox"/> A Collection of Kids' Suicide Notes to Santa | <input type="checkbox"/> The Indian in the Cupboard Drinks Drano | <input type="checkbox"/> The Five Chinese Brothers and the Group Suicide Pact |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Green Eggs and Hemlock                           | <input type="checkbox"/> Mr. Wizard's Build Your Own Suicide Machine from Neat Stuff Found Around the House | <input type="checkbox"/> James and the Giant Tumor                    | <input type="checkbox"/> My Little Pony and the Glue Factory     | <input type="checkbox"/> If You Give a Pig a Cyanide-Laced Pancake            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Fox in Pine Box                                  | <input type="checkbox"/> The Berenstain Bears Lose the Will to Live   | <input type="checkbox"/> Yertle the Turtle Gets Flushed Away!         | <input type="checkbox"/> Junior Kroll Buys the Farm              |   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Madeline Takes the Gas Pipe                      | <input type="checkbox"/> Dr. Kevorkian's "Right-to-Die" Coloring & Activity Book                            |   |  |   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Hardy Boys Take Dad Off Life Support         |   |   |  |   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Little Engine That Couldn't Take It Anymore! |   |   |  |   |

## DR. KEVORKIAN'S CHILDREN'S BOOK CLUB

"Teaching Youngsters to Accept Reality for Over a Decade"

**YES!** I believe it's never too early to make my children morose. Please enroll me in Dr. Kevorkian's Children's Book Club according to the risk-free membership plan. Send me the 5 BOOKS I've indicated and bill me just \$1\*

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

MAIL TO: Dr. Kevorkian's Children's Book Club  
c/o Oaks Correctional Facility  
East Lake, MI 49726

### EXTRA BONUS

Order now and receive your choice of Dr. Kevorkian's 365 Reasons to Commit Suicide Page-a-Day Calendar or Dr. Kevorkian's Guide to Overdosing on Over-the-Counter Medications in Chewable Kids Tablets as our gift! (Offer not valid in Michigan or non-"Right-to-Die" states.)

\* Plus \$275 shipping and handling. All proceeds will be forwarded to the Dr. Jack Kevorkian Legal Defense Fund.